

INTERNATIONAL

**H&E**

**MONTHLY**

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**NOW  
IN ITS  
86th YEAR**

**WHERE TO GO**

**NAKED IN HAWAII**

**GO HAPPILY NUDE**

**IN HAMPSHIRE**

**SEXUAL FANTASIES**

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**YOU ASTRAY?**

**BARE BAHAMA**

**CRUISING**

**SPARE YOUR**

**PITY FOR THE**

**SINGLE MAN**







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## EDITORIAL

### We're Getting Tuned In

Every so often I am invited to appear on radio programmes to talk about and answer questions on naturism. Sometimes it is a debate, or an interview or a phone-in.

Usually the programme presenter chooses naturism as a controversial subject, but doesn't set out to be provocative. They have always allowed me to say my bit without trying to make me out as some sort of crank.

Yet I have never expected the general public to be so sympathetic. When just about anyone can phone in and ask me any question they like, or say whatever comes into their heads, you'd imagine that a fair amount of the calls would be quite provocative. But I'm continually surprised at the number of listeners who ring up to say, that they are naturists, and tell me of the beaches they visit. Or sometimes they say they were naturists when they were younger. And a number of men and women say that they're not actually naturists themselves, they'd like to be, they believe in it, but haven't quite got the courage. They actually ring up to say that.

I find that cheering. I bet there are thousands of red-faced protesters burning on the other ends of phones, frustrated at hearing the engaged single when they just want to blast off at me. But still, it's the ones that get through that count, and I think more than ever, things will improve. Naturism is getting more and more accepted, and will continue to do so in the future. It's really quite exciting.

Kate Sturdy

## THE 86th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely independent.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist and naturist scene. This includes the wider world, where nudity and naked living are now accepted. We believe in the cause of social nakedness and intend to promote it.

We offer a wide platform so all may speak. We believe

in tolerance and an open mind to all aspects of naturism. For this reason, the opinions expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the editor.

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# A HOTEL IN NUDE HAMPSHIRE

**T**HE South Hants Sun Club has stood the test of time. Clubs come and clubs go. But some go on forever — or at least so it seems.

One of these stands just outside Portsmouth. Far enough from the rush and bother of the city yet near enough for a day visit.

Similarly, although it is close to a main road and so easy to get to, it is far enough from the traffic to be utterly peaceful.

You wander down a lane leading from the main road and come to the gate. It is open. Symbolic that. South Hants has always been open and friendly. The fact is that every time I have been there, I've come away with many happy memories.

I can look back to my first visit when we carried a small tent in the back of a three wheeler car. We camped near the main pathway leading to the Miniten courts. A friendly place to stay. We met everyone because everyone who went past stopped to chat. Although it is a long time ago and much has changed since those days the friendliness still remains both in the every day life of the club and in my fond memories.

Years later we were back again



**A beautiful, warm swim is just part of a good holiday here.**

for just a few days. We visited a nearby town. Heading back we were offered a lift by an elderly man in a huge open Model T Ford — a car that must have been around in the 1920s. 'I'll take you back to the Club,' he said. 'How did you know we were staying there?' I asked. 'Ten to one any

strange faces in this small town must be staying at the Club,' he said.

Again a few years later we returned for a brief holiday and stayed in the newly opened hotel. What a contrast from the early days and camping.

Readers should understand

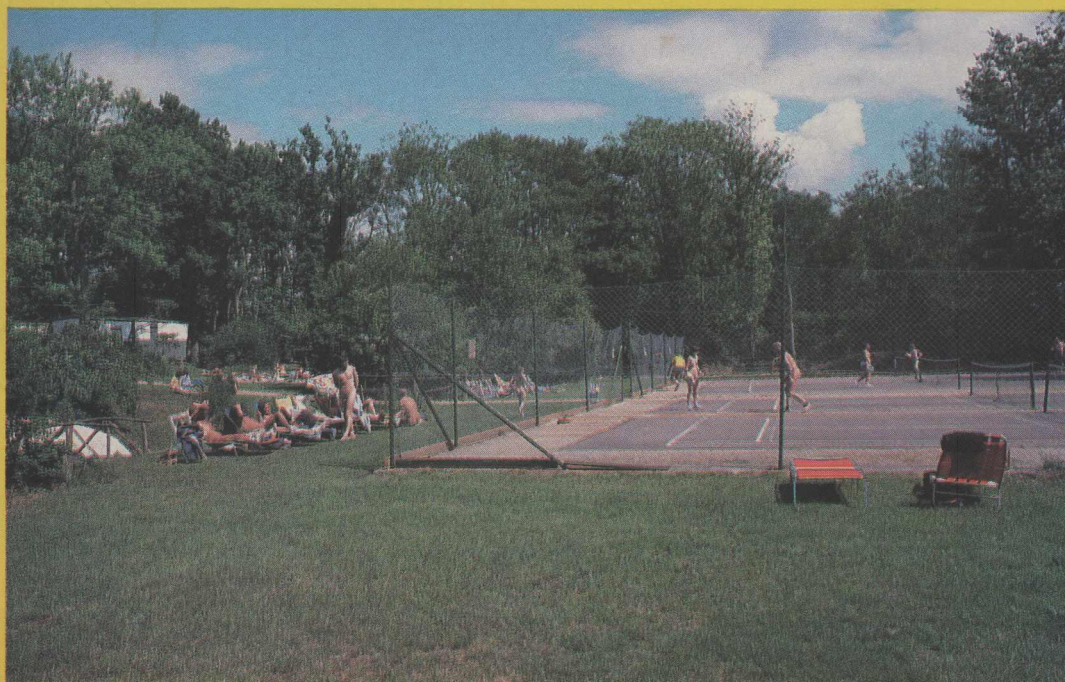
that although I will keep talking about South Hants as a 'Club', it is also a naturist holiday resort. It welcomes visitors. They come from all over the world. If you want to know more about the accommodation and details of the cost then write to the address given at the end of this article.

South Hants then draws its users from two sources. There are those who live locally and join the club for its facilities which they can use the whole time. And there are those others who come for just a week or two. And what is exceptional about South Hants is the variety of accommodation available.

You can drive your car right into the resort and camp through your holiday. Or you can step up the scale to the luxury of a residential caravan. And if you are lucky you can choose to stay at the club's own hotel. I say lucky because there are a limited number of rooms — so you have to book well in advance to be sure of this accommodation.

If you are just a couple, I think the hotel rooms are ideal. If you are a family then perhaps the residential caravans would suit you better.

Perhaps the only disadvantage of the hotel rooms is that they are



**If you're a miniten fiend, you can play like the devil at South Hants.**



**The South Hants Sun Club is one of the country's most attractive holiday resorts. So attractive indeed that many prefer to spend a week or two here rather than in the sometimes rather overcrowded and expensive resorts abroad. Read on and discover why. H.M. Wren is your guide.**

a little close to the heated swimming pool and sometimes late users can disturb you. But on the other hand you have the advantage of stepping out a door from your room right into the open air. You need never wear clothing. Sleep nude, step out directly onto the grass terrace from your hotel room and if you like take a few strides and you are into the pool. What bliss.

The hotel is arranged in two parts. We have already mentioned the bedrooms. The sleeping wing also contains toilets and bathrooms etc. These are situated opposite the bedrooms across a corridor and on the north and less interesting side. Incidentally, you can drive your car right up to the entrance of the hotel and take your gear directly into the bedroom. There is only one floor. No climbing stairs or hanging round to check in. Everything is totally informal.

The other half of the building is devoted to the social side. Here you can eat, drink at the bar, or just spend the time chatting. The kitchen provides excellent and good value meals.

The main lounge looks directly over the swimming pool so if you want to sit inside and have a drink while little Bert plays in the pool, you can do so while keeping a watch on him. Attached to the front of the lounge is a glazed structure which is very popular as an eating place.

The hotel sits on a rise overlooking not only the pool but also the main sports area. To one side of the hotel and within easy reach of it are the main residential caravans. These are modern and comfortable and with all the facilities you would expect to find. They are connected with the swimming pool and the hotel with a hard-sealed pathway.

For once you leave the car park you leave behind cars. South



**When the pressure's on, hide out at one of Britain's best naturist resorts.**



Hants manages very well while keeping the four wheeled monster in its place. This is your guarantee of peace and quiet.

So take another path. This leads from the hotel and car park, across the area devoted to miniten and then up a small incline to the shop, more games rooms and other facilities.

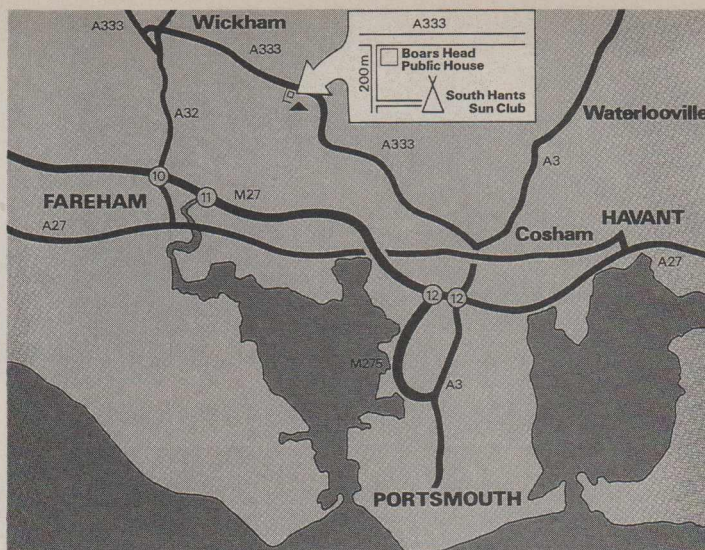
Turn left here and you are soon into the chalet area where all the year round members have built their own chalet accommodation.

In the past one of the difficulties experienced by the owners of South Hants was at first the marshy nature of some of the land and the overall limited size of the resort.

The first was reasonably easily dealt with by draining the land into a small stream which passes through the grounds. What was not so easy was the building of the several fine miniten courts on this same ground. Few know that under those courts are numerous timber piles extending deep into the once soft ground.

The limited area — at first there were only about 7 acres — resulted in the most being made of the land available. Thus South Hants was developed very carefully and this careful planning stands it in good stead today. Recent additions in the form of extra land to the East has almost doubled the original area.

Perhaps because of its location



#### Your 'escape route' to South Hants.

close to Europe, South Hants is perhaps the best known of English Naturist Resorts when it comes to European visitors. But it is also well known and popular with visitors from all over the United Kingdom. When you consider what it costs to take your car across the Channel and drive even to the nearest well known resort, say Montalivet near Bordeaux, even before you start to pay the camp costs, you will understand why many naturists from this country find South Hants the ideal holiay resort.

For many Europeans too, it can be closer than their own resort away to the south. And for

them one of the great advantages of staying at South Hants is the relative closeness of London. You can easily drive there in a few hours. Or better, take the train from nearby Portsmouth. London, like any great city is an impossible place for cars so perhaps the best way to visit London is by rail using public transport in the city.

But if you like to keep away from big cities on your holiday there is plenty of interest all along the coast. For those who have never been there before, it would be well worth while taking a trip to Brighton. Here you will find masses of Antique Shops,

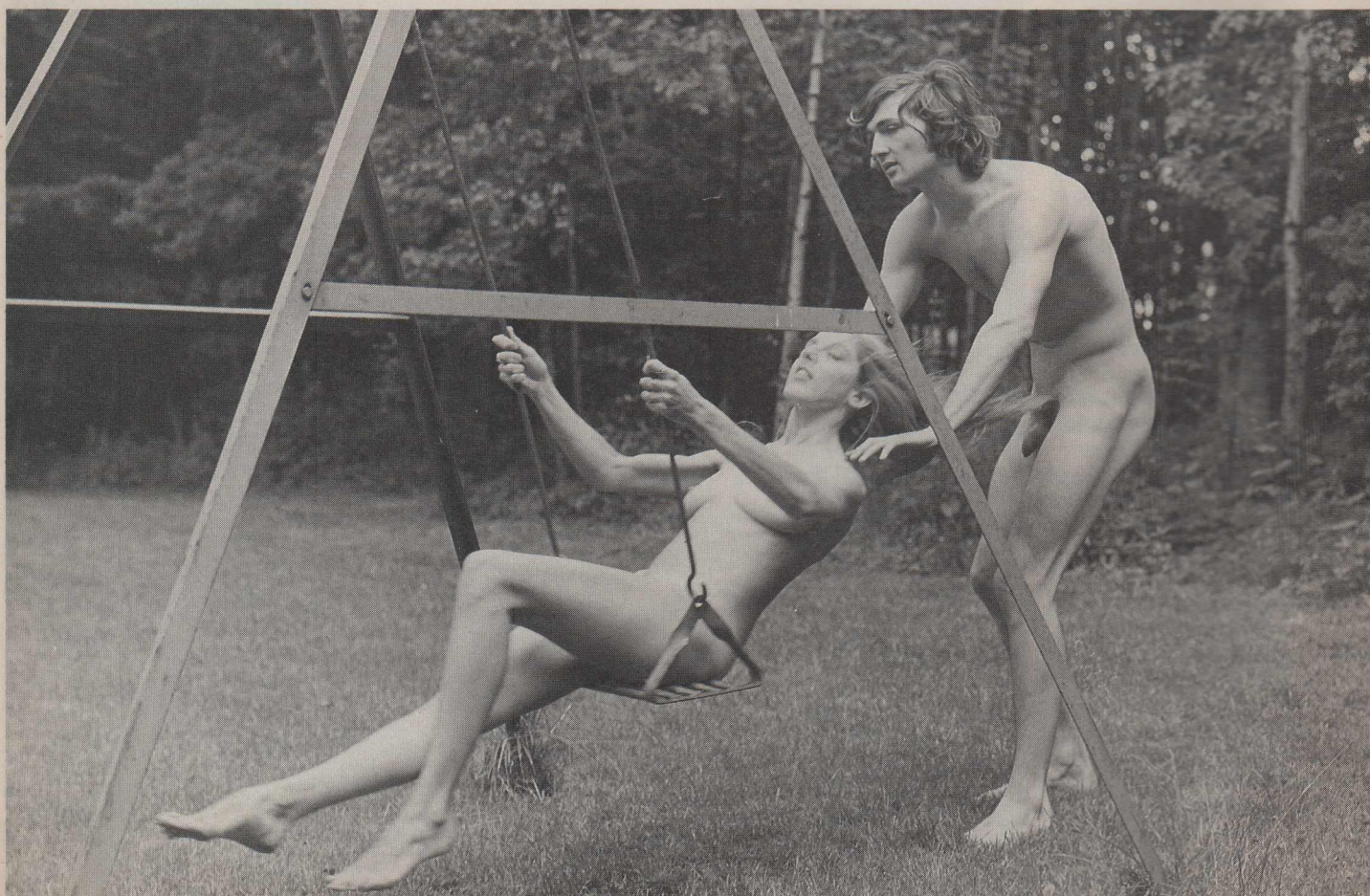
genuine old English pubs and of course, the famous Brighton Nudist Beach. But if it's a sunny day in the holiday season, go early. The beach is getting so crowded these days there will soon be hardly a pebble left to sit on. Brighton is within easy reach of the club. Spend a day there and be back in the club in the evening.

But the Isle of Wight is very close and there you will find at least one well known nudist beach. If you want to strike off in the opposite direction to Brighton, you can easily visit Bournemouth another famous holiday town. And from Bournemouth you can take the ferry across the entrance to Poole Harbour and arrive at the famous nudist beach known as Studland Bay. Once again it would be reasonably easy to make this a day visit from the club.

Whatever you do and wherever you go — South Hants will always welcome you back.

#### For further information

Write to Mr. M. Wilson, South Hants Sun Club, Boarhunt, Havant, Hampshire. You can stay in fully serviced caravans which range from £45 to £135 per week, depending on the size of caravan and time of year. Prices per day, and for hotel accommodation or camping site only available on request.



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What could be nicer on a sunny weekday than a lazy picnic?







# NATURISM IN THE SUBURBS

**Rena and Saby, two North German housewives who couldn't have seemed more different. But it was only when they converged and found some common ground that they really started to have some fun. Rena explains how it began.**

**I**DIDN'T really think about my life for a long time. I accepted my role as wife and mother of two. Living on a modern housing estate the view seemed rather bleak at times. A high fence surrounded my garden, and occasionally I could just see black, black clouds.

My materialistic existence seemed normal — new kitchen, new garden furniture, expensive clothes — all these were provided by my dear, loyal husband. He worked hard at the local engineering works to maintain these good German standards.

But I knew some of the other



On a remote beach in the middle of the week you can pose and play as much as you like.



mothers in my neighbourhood, and we'd stop and chat at the local shops about our children, our husbands, and the food we were going to prepare. But we could never spare too much time. Labour-saving devices were abundant in our homes — yet we still spent the whole days doing housework.

But the biggest shock was the day I looked over the fence and saw my neighbour Saby lying





If no-one wants the shortest straw, you just have to share.

there naked. Ears plugged into her Sony Walkman, she lay there obviously sunsoaking. I didn't have any objection to nudity, after all, you could see it at public parks without trying too hard — but not normally in my neighbourhood.

What really irritated me was the fact that she was doing absolutely nothing. Somehow, a resentment rose up inside me — I'd been brought up to work,

work, work, yet she had the ability to just relax.

I didn't mention this to anyone and, although I looked out every day for the next fortnight, I never saw her do it again.

Soon after that, just after the children had gone to school Saby dropped in to ask to borrow a thermos flask.

Saby didn't seem to find this strange saying that she'd just smashed hers, she was in a heck

of a rush and she was sure I wouldn't mind.

I sarcastically told her I hadn't actually been planning a picnic on my own. 'Then join me', she said. I refused, of course, but she insisted. 'Forget the flask, I've got some cold wine in the fridge.'

If I'd thought for a moment she meant a picnic on the local naturist beach I would never have gone. I didn't know we'd get half-cut, that we'd be out all day, or

that it would be one of the most carefree days of my life.

So that's how it started, and now in the summer Saby and I go once a week to the beach, and in winter it's the sauna.

And you might have given a thought as to what happened to all my housework — but I've had my mind on other things . . .

★★★



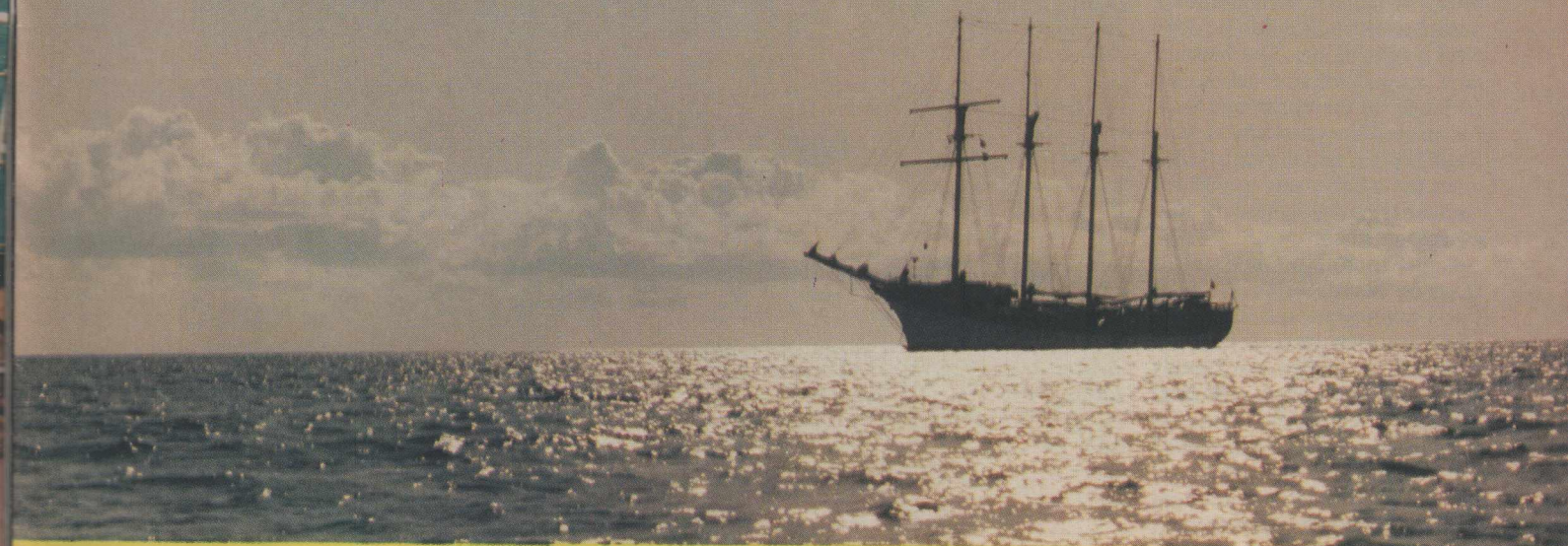


The bronzed bodies, the boat and the banquet.



# BAHAMA CRUISIN'

## BARELY BEAUTIFUL



Harry and Ruthie Ketchum boarded the plane from New York to the Bahamas. There they embarked on an exciting cruise where nothing mattered except for titillating the senses. Tropical sun, fresh cherry shortcake, the scent of hibiscus, just some of those memorable moments.

**S**TATELY ships skimming across the azure sea with white wings spread like majestic birds. Sunning on a golden beach of coral sand, spectacular sunsets and romantic tropical evenings under a full mellow moon. Hedonistic dreams to pique the imagination during the long cold winter nights.

For many long months we had planned our sailing adventure and at last the moment of truth had arrived. We were winging our way to the Bahama Islands for a clothes optional cruise with 124 other naturists.

Our flight from New York State was without incident and winter fog of the the coastal states seemed to evaporate as we broke into bright sunshine over the placid ocean. The Bahamas consist of some 700 land masses of various sizes, scattered over 100,000 square miles of Atlantic Ocean, which begin 50 miles off the Florida coast and stretch 760 miles southeast.

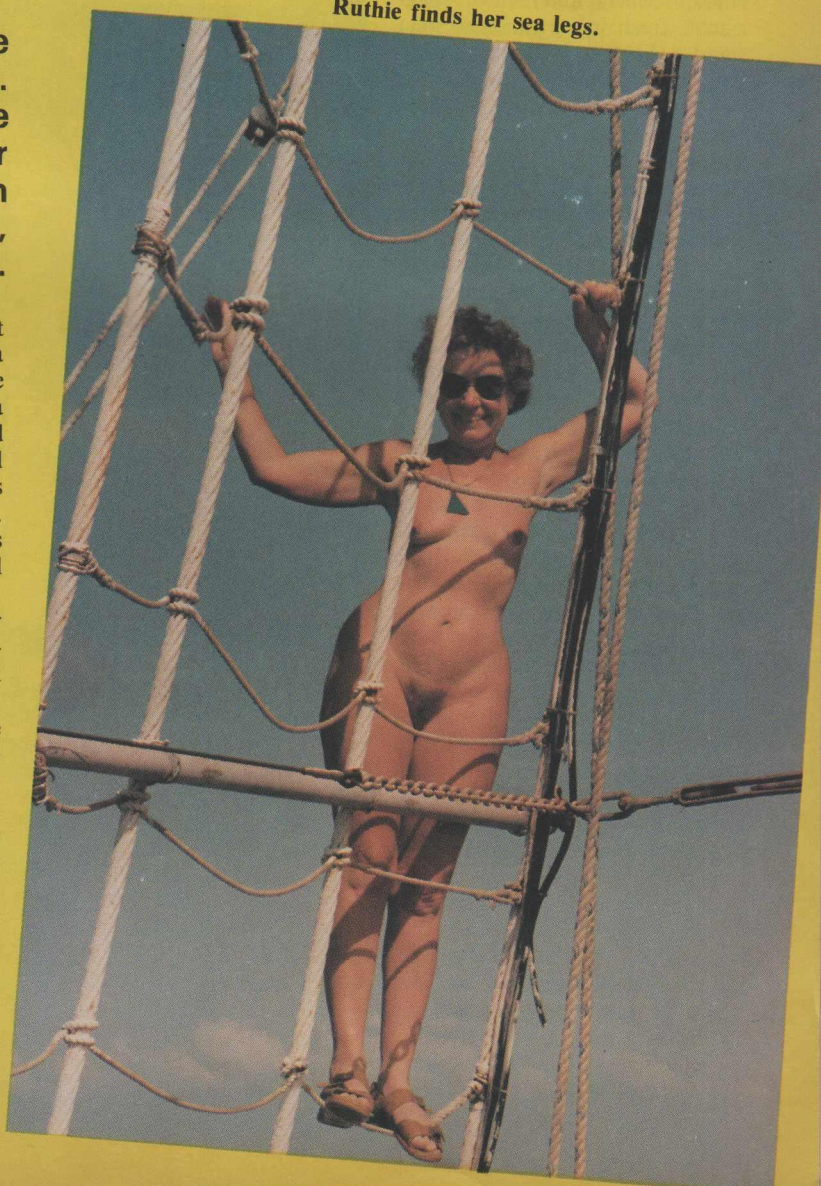
Early afternoon temperatures

near 90°F greeted our arrival at Freeport on Grand Bahama Island. A brief taxi ride and we settled into our cosy room for a two night stay. Afternoon found us exploring the International Bazaar whose 10 acres of shops and restaurants in European, Asian and Near Eastern settigs adjoin the Moorish style, El Casino.

At the huge outdoor straw market hundreds of native vendors display every handicraft from straw dolls to handbags. After dinner we sat on the balcony outside our room to watch silvery moonbeams silhouette the palm trees. Fortified by a hearty breakfast we rented a motor scooter for some sightseeing.

First stop was Deep Water Harbor for a glimpse of the Fantome. The Fantome is the largest 4 Master in the world, built in 1926 for the Duke of Westminster. She is 282 feet long with 40 foot beam, 192 foot mass, 19 foot draft and a crew of 45.

Ruthie finds her sea legs.





After a peek at our quarters we set off on a whirlwind tour of the island. We did search for a local nude beach but broke it off to seek cover from a brief afternoon shower.

Lunch at the Winston Churchill pub with a pint of Planters Punch left a healthy respect for the 180 proof rum.

We woke Monday morning as the sun's first rays touched our room and after breakfast took a taxi to our ship. While waiting to board we mingled with gathering naturists who would be our week's companions. Our baggage now stowed in the cabin, we gathered on the upper mid deck for lunch. Cocktail wieners, meat balls, stuffed clam shells, crackers, cheese and unlimited rum swizzles highlighted the mid afternoon snack.

As we soon discovered, meals must be paced for selection of one's favourite foods as variety and quantity were endless. Early risers were treated to Bloody Marys with hot sweet rolls then a full English breakfast. Lunches were gourmet barbecues served buffet style on long tables set up on the beach. Each day brought a variety of mouth watering treats such as fresh salads, barbecued ribs, wieners and beans, spaghetti, fresh fruit, punches, soda and cold beer. Return to ship signalled 'swizzle time' with cheese, crackers, pizza, stuffed clam shells and other appetizers plus all the rum swizzles one could drink. Dinner was served in two shifts and the cornucopia completed with a midnight buffet of egg rolls, hot sausage rolls, ham, cheese, fruit, cheese cakes and other tasty treats.

Our first evening meal was fried chicken with fresh cherry shortcake for dessert. A native steel drum band played for the get acquainted party till the wee small hours of the morning.

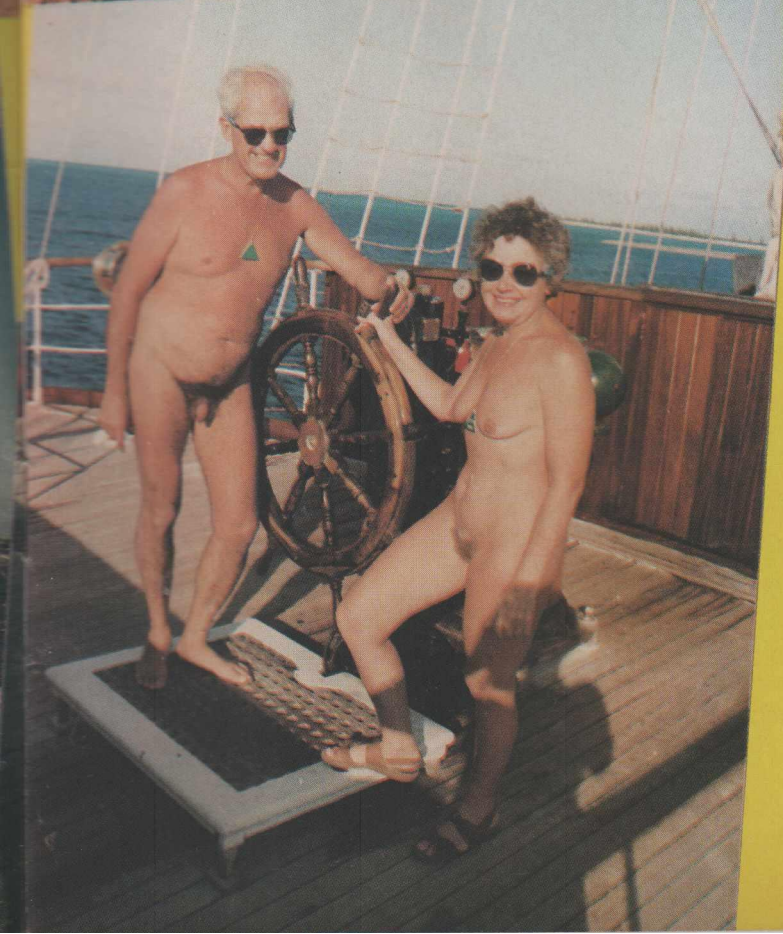
Ships sounds woke us up at dawn, the warm sun an omen of naturist pleasures soon to be experienced. After breakfast we rented snorkeling gear from a vendor on the dock and walked to the town centre for last minute necessities prior to sailing.

The magic moment soon arrived and our Welsh captain hoisted sail to 'Amazing Grace' played on bagpipes. Before clearing the harbour entrance all sails were set and the open sea beckoned us onward.

Almost as if on signal our clothing hit the deck and soon everyone was as nature intended. From now till Sunday no clothing need be worn either on ship or on the beaches. We spent the day becoming familiar with the ship's layout and developing sea legs.







By sunset, intense rays of the tropic sun had deepened our all over tans. Evening hours waned as we savoured the warm evening under a cloudless star studded sky. Many naturists bedded down on deck pads and were rocked to sleep by the gentle ocean swells.

At break of dawn deck pads were rolled and our ship's crew hosed the teak decks. Ruthie held our breakfast table so we might plan the day's activities with a few of our newfound friends. Each day at sea a ship's bell sounded the captain's story time and description of our island destination. By 9.30 the launch was on the way to Gun Cay beach with the first load of eager passengers. It was a wet landing and everyone must ferry lunch supplies through waist deep water.

The soft coral sand and crystal clear water provided a veritable Garden of Eden for our group of Adams and Eves. Snorklers over the adjoining reef were surrounded by a myriad of brightly coloured fish and an occasional lobster could be seen in the coral crevasses. During our long beach walk warm rays of the sun penetrated deep into our unclothed bodies.

After lunch it was back on board for an afternoon of sightseeing on Bimini Island. First on the agenda was a drink at the famous sand floored 'End of the World' bar then a leisurely stroll through the sleepy village streets. Gardens were ablaze with hibiscus, bougainvillea and other island blossoms. We paused for a drink at the hotel where 'Papa' Ernest Hemingway wrote his books.

As our launch cleared the harbour we were enthralled by the Fantome's stately silhouette framed in the sun's silvery path across the rippled surface of the sea. Our appetites sharpened by the day's activities, we soon polished off the baked Grouper topped by peach flambée. A crazy olympics held on deck was followed by dancing to the ships stereo. We both stretched out on deck to talk as we watched the moon duck in and out of the fluttering sails.

Overcome by sleep we awoke when the early morning watch came on duty. The weather was again sunny as we dropped anchor off Gorda Cay in the Abaco chain. Coral sand and 80°F water temperature provided a perfect environment for our nude swimming, sunning and snorkeling activities. Only friendly chatter broke the stillness of the deserted island.

This was U.S. Thanksgiving Day and that evening we enjoyed a full turkey dinner with pumpkin

pie. The crew rendition of 'South Pacific' was played to a nue or half dressed audience sprawled on deck pads.

Friday morning found us leeward to Petite Cay in the Berry Islands. As the sea was running rough and we did not wish to chance cuts from the rough coral during a wet landing, we elected to spend the day aboard ship. We joined our friends in a naturist photo shoot with the fantastic ship as a backdrop and later found a cosy spot on deck to sun till the beach party returned.

The ship's run that night found deep water waves of an ocean trench and strong breezes filled the sails. It was our first taste of what life aboard the old sailing ships was really like. We covered over 200 miles, with sail and auxiliary diesels, to our landfall at Egg Cay in the Eluthra chain.

The landing was wet and sharp coral patches provided rough footing for the walk to shore. Everyone tried to cram in every possible activity this last day ashore. We took a long walk round the island, gathering pretty shells for our collection. The day seemed to fly and soon we were on board headed for Nassau on New Providence Island. As the Fantome entered port to the skirl of 'Amazing Grace' the whistles of cruise ships and cheers of their passengers greeted our arrival.

After supper we raced Hermit Crabs from Egg Cay beach and Ruthie's 'Ketchum' reached the semi-finals. Next morning we were rather sad as one by one our friends said goodbye and rushed to their respective planes.

We stayed four days on Paradise Island off Nassau's coast and photographed the Fantome sailing from port on her next cruise. Lying on the beautiful Paradise Island nude beach we dreamed of the past week's pleasures. We know that every visit of new found friends will recall all the happy moments but as vacation memories finally fade their friendships will provide a never ending source of joy.



**DON'T BE LED DOWN A  
A BLIND ALLEY — TAKE  
YOUR LEAD FROM H & E  
CLASSIFIED ADS.**



# IMPOSSIBLE DREAMS

So you think you've got nothing to hide? You are physically open, being a naturist, you discuss your sexual, political and religious attitudes quite openly and feel you can admit to anything without shame. So you won't mind telling me your innermost fantasies? Or will you? They may be materialistic, ambitious or sexual — they are nearly always enjoyable, rarely attainable, and very rarely confessed . . . By  
**Diana Roseman.**

**L**ATELY, there's been no end of articles in the tabloids and popular magazines telling us just how wonderfully normal it is for a person to indulge in sexual fantasy — either whilst they're just sitting around wondering what to think about, or while they're tightly wrapped in the arms of their lover (who may or may not also be the object of the fantasy). Some such figure as 99% of adults gets quoted as the numbers indulging . . . Well, I'm afraid to say that all these articles irritate me. What, I hear the cries of horror, has Diana started to go

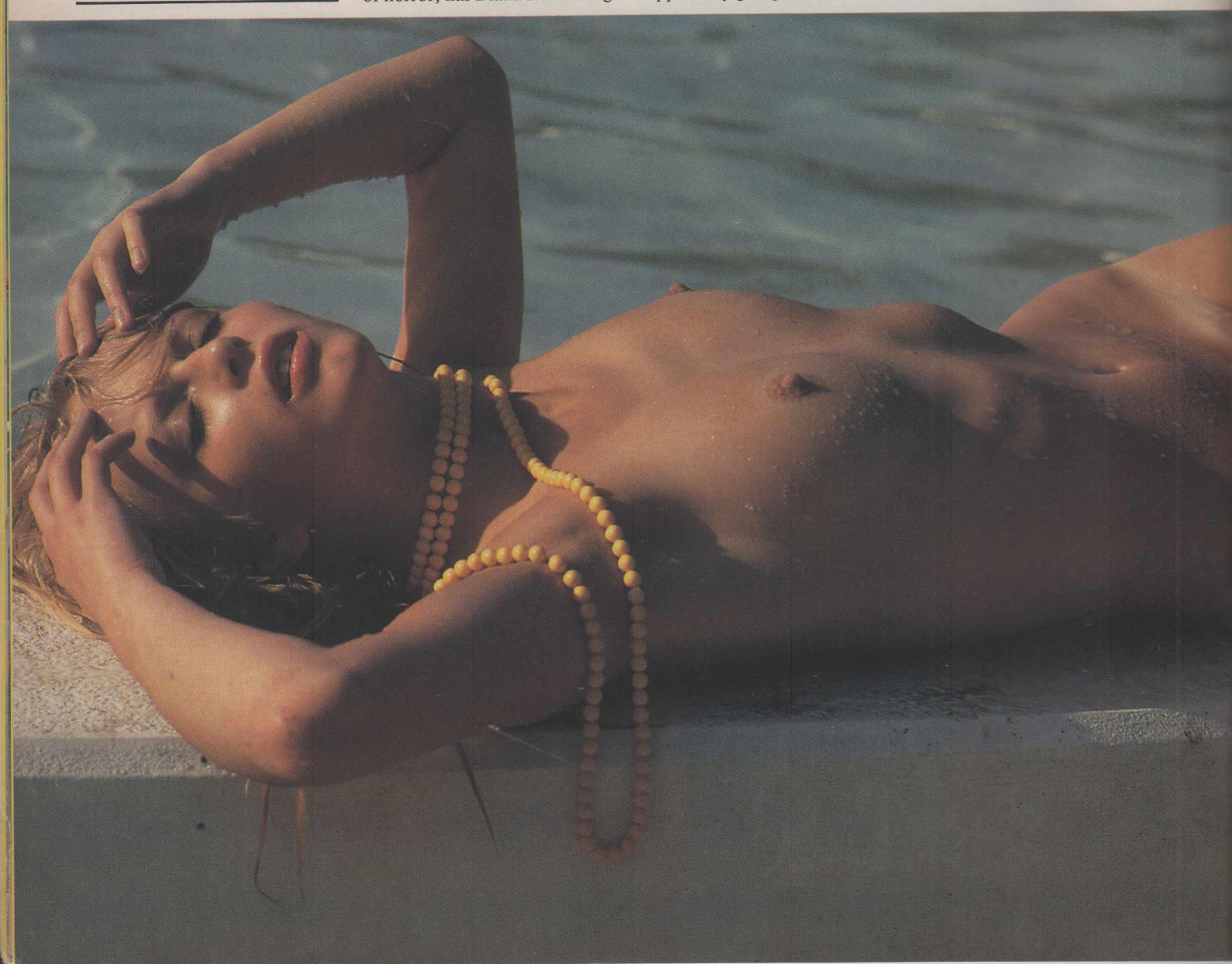
peculiar in her old age? Next she'll be telling us to keep our clothes on . . .

No, you're O.K. for the moment, I'm still reasonably sane, but it does seem to me that most of these 'reassuring' articles land up making you feel far from reassured. Sure, I used to think, it's all normal, they keep on and on telling me so. But if it's all so normal, why do they keep on about it so much?! (It didn't occur to me at that time, that it's all good copy for the paper!)

Why on earth are we all apparently going around wishing

that we were part of some bizarre sexual set-up — isn't anyone doing what they want to be doing any more?

The truth of the matter dawned on me when I suddenly realised that I fantasise on and off all day, and presumably night, in any event. Before you all start thinking I must be even more 'normal' than you, let me explain! I have, at the moment of typing this, the usual passing vision of my editor ripping my article up and asking for another. Soon, I'll probably progress onto a egotistical fantasy of





readers rushing to my page in H & E as they step hot-foot from their newsagents, eager to glean my every pearl of wisdom. Or I might ponder over the possible outcome of my elderly aunty browng through a copy of the magazine and seeing my face staring out at her. Not to mention my body . . . Mind you, if she's already looking at H & E I shouldn't have much to concern myself with, she's obviously a secret nudist — see I've gone off on yet another bizarre fantasy already.

Think about your own versions of this. If you've made a right balls-up at work, what passes through your mind as you wait for the axe to fall? Your boss will fire you, but you jump in first and tell them to stuff their job? Or perhaps you imagine they feel so sorry for your overworked state of stress that they give you an extra holiday with pay? In reality, of course, chances are your boss will tell you you are a blithering idiot and that's that. Nevertheless, all your preambles seem necessary to gear you up for each possible eventuality.

Have you ever played through



**One could say the reality wouldn't be as good — but you'd probably never believe it.**

the scenario of you simply getting up and walking out on your responsibilities? Envisaged yourself sleeping rough under a railway bridge? A rich stranger taking pity on you and sharing their wealth with you? It all helps to act as a safety valve when you're under a bit of pressure.

Seen in this context, sexual imaginings are just one in the world map of conjecture, daydreams and fantasy. The dictionary defines fantasy as 'fancy, imagination, mental images,

preoccupation with thoughts associated with unobtainable desires.' The last definition is usually particularly appropriate to the sexual side of things, judging from your letters! Have you ever really tried making love to twenty women non-stop, Mr. T. from Kent? And the real likelihood of Mr. S. from Paris being trapped in a lift with several ladies with rather large chests, no knickers, and a burning desire to get into his trousers, seems rather remote!

More people will own up to having erotic dreams than active sexual fantasising during the waking hours. A madly passionate encounter in your sleep somehow isn't quite your fault. The person just sort of came up and grabbed you, and there wasn't a lot you could do, was there? Creating the same scene in your mind in daylight is a bit trickier, as it's obvious to all and sundry that you actually wanted to initiate the process (you did in your sleep, of course, but



# 'Why on earth are we all wishing we were part of some bizarre sexual set up? Isn't anybody getting what they want?'

no-one expected you to control that!)

Sexual fantasy isn't always merely fulfilling the first obvious need. For instance, you may like to imagine that every woman you meet falls eagerly into your arms, whereas in reality you know you don't merit a second glance from half of them, let alone the full works. Taking it out of a sexual context, you may daydream that your workmates actually hang on your every word, looking to your wisdom for the instant answer to their problems. Everyone thinks you're wonderful!

If you're hard up, it's common to imagine wining and dining some gorgeous person and ending up in a clinch, and the ability to splash the money about is as important a part of the whimsy as bedding the person.

Feeling a little under the thumb? Fantasise you're the one in charge — at work or in the bedroom. You can be the one cracking the whip — it's your choice whether it's over a handful of subservient work associates, or a row of scantily clad ladies (or men, I hasten to add, for the benefit of my sex).

Apart from those fantasies

inaccessible to one in practice for reasons of personality, some are just not physically likely. One chap (naughty Mr. H. from Germany) has a penchant for tall, tall women, though usually happy at home with Mrs. H., a lady of average build. Imagine the contortions of someone trying to get at all the fun bits of another's body at once. Stand a short Mr. H. next to a tall, tall Miss 6'4" and you'll get the picture of how his dreams are made up!

## Rape

Some of you like to imagine the forcing attentions upon someone, and some of the ladies think, with pleasure of some sort of 'rape' scene. Neither of these ideas are at all fun in reality! Consequently, it is hardly surprising to learn that the male fantasy inevitably ends up with the female actually enjoying the whole thing after all, and throwing herself into the spirit of the whole thing.

The ladies meantime have been imagining that the man who is threatening to 'rape' them is the man of their dreams — no nasty chaps who aren't exactly to their requirements, and certainly no

more than a modicum of the rough stuff.

In fact, of course, this isn't rape at all, any more than the equivalent of normal male's fantasy, but we're so socially conditioned to say 'no' that we may occasionally need the 'rape' excuse in our fantasy world to forgive ourselves for giving in to our imagined sexual desire.

Lesbians provide no end of fanciful challenges to the male ego. Most chaps are convinced that if only they could be allowed to give them a quick bang, the ladies would be feeding from their hands for ever more. Many's the man who's spent a happy hour (half hour? quarter of an hour? three minutes??) imagining the outcome of his discovery of two ladies entwined together mysteriously transported into his bed. Great fun for the ego — not so the reality, where they'd probably tell you where to put yourself, and it wouldn't involve **their anatomy!**

People of both sexes may get a turn-on thinking about the famous. Television stars, pop stars, even lords and ladies. You can mould them to be just as you wish in your fantasy. What a

disappointment the reality would inevitably be. And of course, Mr. A. from London E.4., the odd agony aunty comes into this category!

## Practice

Maybe some of you have tried to put fantasy into practise once or twice. Well, usually, the higher your expectations, the more you have honed and refined your fantasy, whatever it consisted of, to suit your purpose, the further away from your ideal the truth is likely to be, unless you're extraordinarily lucky.

If it involves a partner then hope for a start, that you're on the same wave length. I, for one, just can't take most night-games seriously. Ask me to dress as a French maid (why are they always French?) and no doubt I'll collapse into fits of giggles, which is not destined to improve anyone's performance. But perhaps I just need practice . . .



Feed your heart on fantasies, if you must, but don't be surprised if it breaks.



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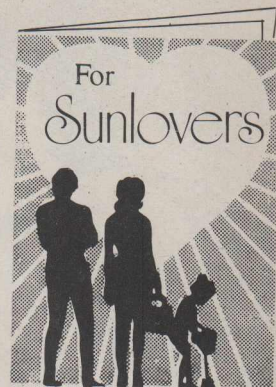
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# LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASURES

One man's source of happiness is another man's torment — pleasures come in mysterious ways. But if you're not content with your lot and think Diana may be able to offer you some free advice, write to her enclosing a self addressed envelope plus appropriate postage to: Diana Roseman, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1A 9LB.

**W**HAT'S been in your post lately? Boring, eh? Bet you wish you could have my post bag.

When I was a little girl, and come to that, a big girl, I used to lie in bed waiting for the rattle of the letter box hoping that there'd be something for me. How I loved opening letters! But I was constantly disappointed — even a bill for the current year's membership to the Noddy Club would have been a perfect delight. So, small wonder that I'm always encouraging people to write to me now — it all stems from a deprived childhood!

Anyway, let's see what my first writer is up to:-

*'I have been a naturist as long as I can remember, though we don't get much sunny weather where I live. However, when there is a sunny spell, I take myself off to a very secluded river bank near my home. I take my clothes off and feel marvellous, but no sooner have I got stripped than I start to get an erection which of course leads me on to masturbation. Is this my way of communing with nature?'*

Also, I'm worried because I enjoy mutual masturbation with other men in the privacy of a local sauna. I wouldn't indulge in any other sort of sexual contact with a man, but does this mean I am a homosexual? I think I just like

*to give pleasure to other men in this way. I do have a normal sexual relationship as well, with a lady.'*

No, it doesn't make you homosexual. It just seems like an extension of the boy's practices in the shower blocks. Remember those competitions to see who could hit the farthest wall? I certainly wouldn't care to be the cleaning lady in those places!

I really don't think in your heart of hearts, however, that your main reason is to give pleasure to others. That sounds rather altruistic! More like you enjoy the pleasure you get, since it makes a change from doing it to yourself on the river bank. Communing with nature? Mm, I suppose we all like to attach greater importance to our activities than they deserve!

## Indoors

Let's stick on the same subject (bit like the cleaning lady):-

*'I regularly read H & E, in fact, I wish it was a weekly, not a monthly. I read it to keep my interest in naturism alive, even though I can't actually go nude as often as I would like. But how come there's not many indoor pictures of naturists, either at home or in the clubs?'*

Sometimes when I look through your magazine, I find I

*get an erection, but I don't have anything dirty on my mind, on the contrary, only happiness. If on the other hand, I read a dirty magazine, I still get erections, but I do feel guilty. Do you think this is normal, or what?'*

Oh help, please don't make H & E weekly, much though I like post, I'd never keep up with it then.

There's a couple of reasons that spring to mind for not having many indoor pictures. The first is that we don't get very many taken by the photographers. And that, I suppose, is because naturism is very closely associated with health, fitness, (wheeze, wheeze) and the Great Outdoors, so it seems 'right' that the pictures are taken in that context. Which also explains why many of the indoor pictures show people taking saunas, or weight-training, or some wildly athletic gymnastic thing or other.

Also, like yourself, not so many people practise nudity in the confines of their houses as in the open in any event. So it's a bit like asking why a football magazine don't often have pictures of the changing rooms — it's just out of context.

I reckon you feel guilty about the 'dirty' erections for that very reason — you decided that one magazine is 'dirty' and the other

is not! It's obvious that many of the girly magazines are just there to stimulate you sexually and for no other purpose, so you can't easily escape your reason for looking at them. I think it's perfectly normal to feel guilt in such circumstances, though I don't think one ought to! But it's hard to shake it off. (O.K. no jokes!) Probably, the anxiety that someone's going to come in and catch you sneakily poring over a magazine of that sort and masturbating causes a big dose of old guilt anyway.

## Fertile

Now readers, if you're going to send me all these make-believe letters you seem to be specialising in lately, you're going to have to try harder. Spot the give-away lines here:-

*'I have been married two years, but so far no signs of a baby, though my husband has been trying, he's a disappointment to me sexually. A friend who's got pregnant twice has just offered her husband as surrogate. He's 30 years of age, well built and a likeable man, and she says he loves sex. I bet he could get me pregnant with just one service. She asked when my periods would be — I said in three days — and she said she'd send him round. I'm 20 and he's 25.'*



These two seem perfectly  
happy about pleasure.





Happiness is an extremely  
simple affair.





## '... posing erotically in front of people is hardly in the same league as just going naked, you might discover this at the club!'

*Anyway, he called round the next day, he couldn't wait, and soon he noticed my nakedness under my dressing gown. (Here is a large censored portion! — Diana) When he had shot his bolt, I felt as if a knife had been through me. Anyway, so far there's been no period, I'm sure my belly's full already.'*

Yes, full of wind! For a start you can't count, or you've got a short memory, as your lover's age goes up and down like a yo-yo (like some other part of his anatomy in the censored portion). And to consider such a short time before a period to be the most likely fertile time also shows you have a lot to learn about the workings of your body, or, more likely, proves conclusively that you're a man!

O.K. Let's show I do some serious work occasionally. Many men write in telling me they want to meet a naturist girlfriend (or better still, take one out). Now, as you all realise, we're a bit thin on the ground. But back to the footballers. If you were madly keen on football, would you all be looking for a dribbling girlfriend? If I were you, I'd concentrate on finding a less rare article that shares some of your more usual interests in life, and lead them gently into naturism as your relationship goes on.

Don't keep your nudist activity a secret till your honeymoon, let it be known early on enough for the idea to take hold and hopefully germinate. That way, we'll get more women into the clubs and onto the beaches, and you won't all be squabbling over the same old boring few! Oops, I almost forgot to quote the letter on the subject (carried away with my own importance as usual):-

### Perfect Problem

*'My problem is that I just can't find a regular naturist girlfriend. Looking at all those desirable, lovely and beautiful ladies, how can I get to meet one of them? My qualities are I'm very loving, warm, affectionate, kind, considerate, thoughtful, passionate, romantic, easy-going, courteous, reliable, tolerant, genuine and highly sexed. I am so lonely since my last relationship ended some time ago. Please help!'*

I'm all for modern methods of joining a local computer dating agency. That way you can cut out a load of people who just have nothing in common with you at all, even if they are lovely and

desirable. However, I think you'd better come clean about some of your bad points too. If you got details from a girl that sounded on paper as wonderful as you make yourself sound, would you believe it??

Still, here is a girl with a lot of assets:-

*'My boyfriend likes to have me pose nude for him in his apartment, and he likes to take erotic pictures of my body, all of which is fine by me. But I've posed for some men's magazines before now, and when he saw copies of those magazines, he asked me to exhibit myself to his friends in the same way. Well, I told him that I was reluctant to do that, and he got very upset and said if I was willing to show 'everything' to the public in a men's magazine, and as I was a naturist at home with my family anyway, I should be willing to go nude in front of his friends as well. Further, he said that if I didn't do it, he wouldn't go out with me any more. And I do love him. Well, eventually I agreed, and what really concerns me is that after a few weeks of posing and exhibiting myself openly like this, it doesn't even bother me any more, in fact I think I look forward to it.'*

If you enjoy it, fine — I'm sure

his friends enjoy it! Nothing to worry about unless you start to find that you get sexually stimulated only in this way — then you might find your life getting a bit complicated, trying to round up gangs of students week after week!

### Blackmail

But, food for thought, I should have a bit of a think about the fact that your boyfriend 'blackmailed' you into it in the first place by threatening to give you up, stop loving you and all that jazz. Doesn't really say much for his regard for you, does it? Would you put him into such a nasty position? If he tried that trick again, love or no love, call his bluff and stick by your feelings.

Incidentally, posing erotically in front of people is hardly in the same league as just going naked — as you may find out if you repeat your performance next time you're at the sun club!

Finally, from being forward to feeling backward:-

*'Diana, my problem is that I've got a small penis. Do you think I'm a late developer? When I was about 14, it was the size of an eight year old. Now I'm 24, and I've got the penis of a fourteen*

*year old.'*

Yet another example of things coming in all shapes and sizes. Just think, if an eight year old penis is, say, one inch, and a fourteen year old one is, let's guess, three inches, by the time you're sixty, it'll be nearly long enough to use as a ruler . . .

★★★



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HIS BEST FRIEND  
FROM H & E  
CLASSIFIED ADS**



Like Niagara, the water still keeps falling over, and some people carry on smiling.





If he's laying himself at her service — you can be sure he means it.





# PSST-Wanna Buy A Postcard? !

**W**ALSH: How long have you been collecting postcards?

Terry: About six years all told. It started when I was eight and my Grandpa died. There was a lot of arguing amongst the family about who should inherit what, which we lost. I think we got just part of the furniture but including the old trunk. This contained Grandpa's picture postcard collection and because no one wanted it and I collected stamps at the time, Mum gave it to me. I was going to just take the stamps off but I got interested in the cards themselves. Been interested ever since.

Walsh: Were they all postcards with nudes?

Terry: No, none of them were! They were old and interesting showing people in old fashioned clothing. There were no nudes at all. I have since found out that up to about 1978, it would have been technically illegal to send a nude on a picture postcard through the British Post Office mails. But then holidaymakers were sending them back in shoals from France, Greece and Yugoslavia. The GPO started turning a blind eye to it.

Walsh: Why was that?

Terry: The sheer volume for one thing. If 1 in 10 tourist postcards is a nude photograph, you have to junk 10% of all the incoming postcard mail. There

**Nudity and sex — the images may be commonplace in magazines, books and films, even if not quite on the street. Yet there is something exquisitely exciting about erotica from days gone by — and sometimes quite shocking. Michael Walsh interviews Terry about his nude collection.**

are international conventions about this sort of thing and the wholesale junking of incoming mail would have been against the agreements. Besides, it gathered momentum gradually starting off with back views and then the occasional bottom. I would say that they are still more artistic than erotic even now.

Walsh: I wouldn't call some of these more artistic than erotic . .

Terry: They were never intended to go through the post! A few of the milder ones were put in the post in the late 1920s and in the 1930s but so many failed to turn up at the other end that they died out. It was thought that the postmen were pinching them but it might just have been official — I still don't know for certain. The same thing seems to have happened to some extent all over Europe though more nude postcards reached their destination in some countries than in others. Hardly any made it to addresses in Spain and Ireland, a few more in England but Germany seemed to be the most

tolerant country pre-war.

Walsh: Is there a link between nudes on early postcards and the start of the naturist movement?

Terry: Probably not at an official level but it seems likely that the outdoor pictures must have set people thinking. Most Victorian postcards which survive are pornographic by modern standards but they only circulated amongst the rich. The milder ones, just showing naked people, would have been a bit meaningless because in Victorian times when the naturist movement first started, the ordinary people bather in the nude anyway.

Walsh: Surely not? I mean, the Victorians were noted prudes!

Terry: That was just for official consumption. In real life, anything went. I did a bit of digging into this but the hardest part is to get into the minds of the people. The ordinary poor regarded naturism as nothing special. They just found somewhere quiet and got on with it. The Upper Crust couldn't be seen to behave like that so they

campaigns, as a minority group for open naturism to be legal. Nowadays, naturism is classless. Then, and perhaps right up to the Fifties, you could make some sort of political statement by taking a stand one way or the other on naturism. But it was always a non-issue with the poor.

Walsh: So why do you specialise in nudes? Are you a naturist?

Terry: Yes and no . . . I have gone nude once or twice on holiday. But as I was trying to explain, I'm just one of the herd. I didn't take my trunks off to make a political point, maybe I just wanted an all-over sun tan.

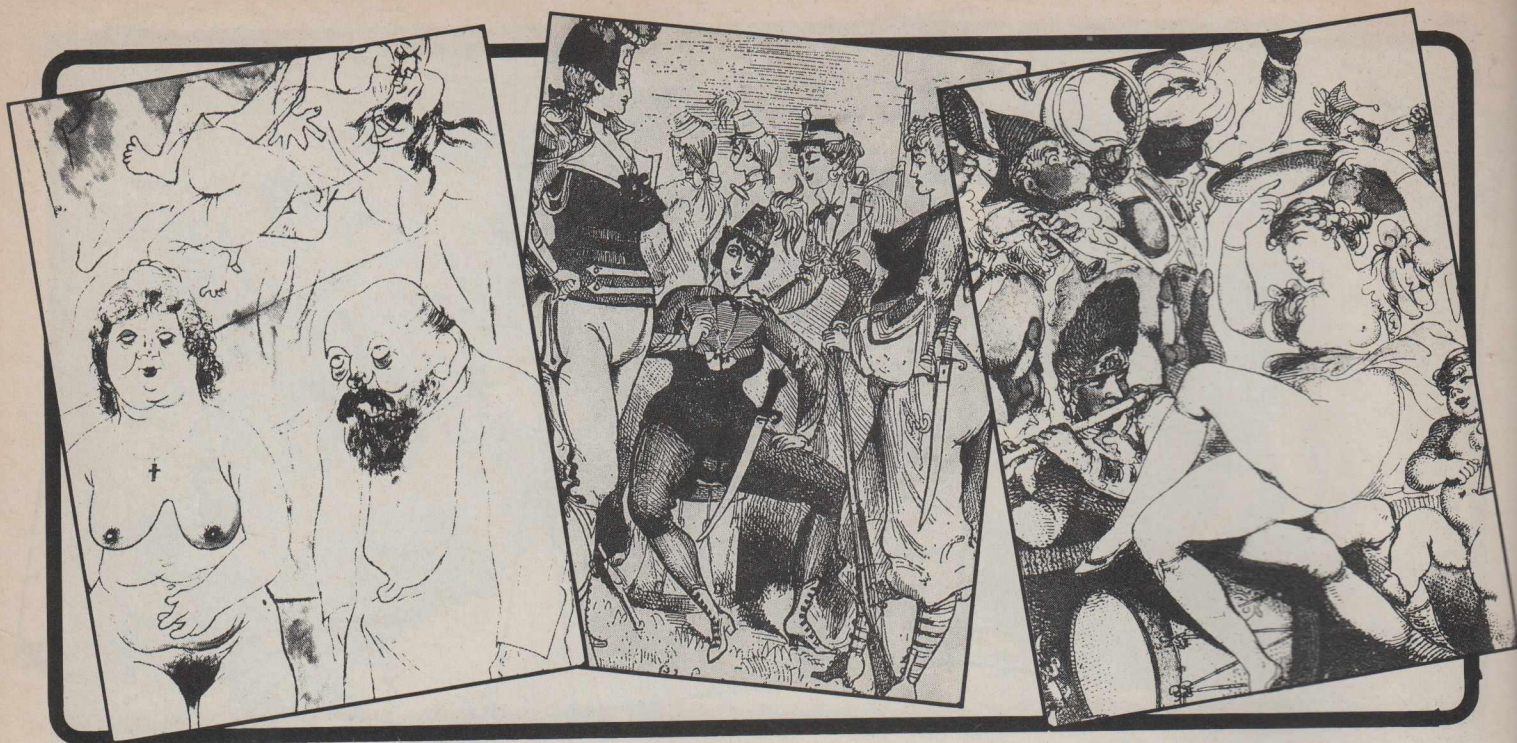
Walsh: You haven't answered the question . . .

Terry: Why do I specialise? Oh, they turn me on. Any young woman who posed in the nude pre-World War I is dead now. I get a strange buzz feeling that I have the only picture of her at her best, stark naked. I don't collect male nudes by the way; they're rare, expensive and mostly pornographic by modern standards and a tricky prospect for dealers.

Walsh: What about the recurrent themes you mentioned . . .

Terry: Yes, there aren't many themes to art nudes. 'Haven't I got a great figure?' is the main one, closely followed by, 'Aren't I a great photographer?' The rest





are all juxtapositions, as in, 'Aren't I sweet and lovely compared with the other stuff on this photo.' And if you think about it, that's just an extension of, 'Aren't I a great photographer?'

Walsh: What are the earliest examples you have of straightforward picture postcards, featuring nude holidaymakers and intended to be sent through the mails?

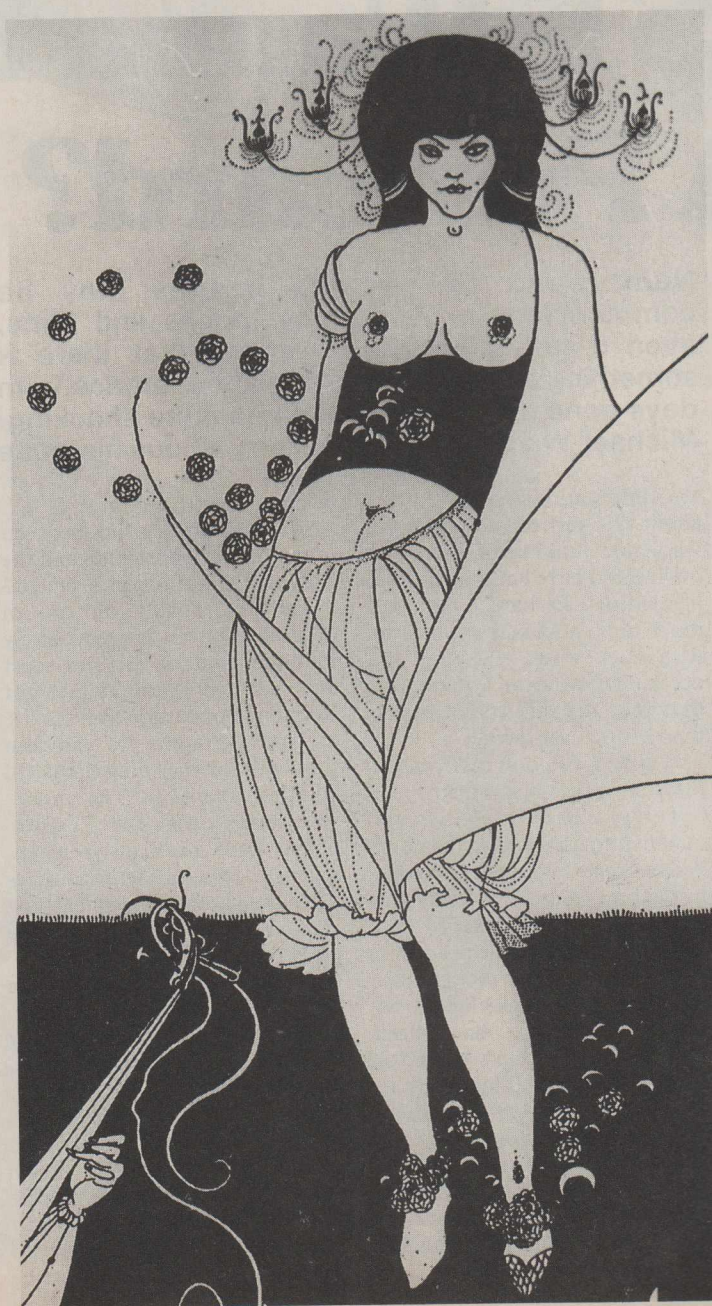
Terry: Depends what you mean by holidaymakers. Nude kids have been a feature of holiday postcards without break from the start. Say, 1880.

Walsh: Let's say nude adult females then, over 16 years old.

Terry: Strictly speaking, France and 1973. And that was a rear view of a girl from the waist up looking out at sea; nothing exciting! Straight promenade shots onto nudist beaches start around 1980 and my own view is that the arrival of these on British doormats have done more than anything else to popularise naturism amongst the previously converted. Arriving so naturally it seems to ram it home that naturism isn't evil. The people on the beach aren't all cavorting lewdly, raping the women or groping the kids. Light years from your post war music hall nudist camp.

Walsh: Nothing earlier than 1973?

Terry: Yes, but not of consequence. Up to 1973 a naked woman photographed on a beach for commercial purposes would be a paid model. Such pictures scream; 'Here is a paid nude female model posing on a beach and isn't she brazen?' There are plenty of pictures of nude beach



parties before 1973 . . . I've seen one featuring four European princesses, all starkers and all in front of the camera legs apart, dated 1898 by the owner. But that was hardly intended to go for postcard production to promote naturism.

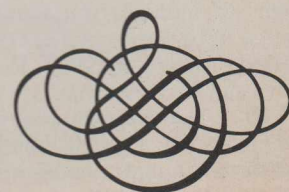
Walsh: Tell me a bit about your collection before we finish.

Terry: So far I have about 720 items, about 90% standard postcard size and in B&W. They run from the mid-1890s to the present day and they all say something to me. Everything from, 'I'm dead, remember me.' up to 'C'mon Big Boy, let's see what you're made of.' You can pick up some interesting historical information from them but that's not what I bought them for.

Walsh: Then what did you buy them for?

Terry: To have a pride in. They're cheap antiques which will be valuable one day. Right now they're regarded as smutty and uncollectable so I pick them up for 30p and upwards each. The most expensive card I own cost £7 and that's got a rare stamp on. Went from Paris to Berlin in 1933. I turned down £20 for it only last month. One day when everyone's a naturist, I'll be laughing, right?

Walsh: Right!





One slip, and all is merrily  
revealed.







**You have to be quick to catch the fish in this sea.**



# HALCYON DAYS IN HAWAII

They used to go naked but someone sold them some skirts. Then they tried again, and were raided. Until one person lead their cause. The police thought it was better to leave this man alone. Read about the fall and rise of Hawaiian naturism photographed and reported by Leif Heilberg.



**T**HE largest of the Sandwich Islands is the one properly called Hawaii, although the whole chain of volcanic islands constituting the 50th State appropriated the name long ago. Original natives of this tropical paradise immigrated from the Society Islands in the South Pacific. They practised naturism on the beaches before any white man ever set his eyes on these isles, and before silly missionaries with perverted concepts of human dignity brainwashed the

bewildered Hawaiians into believing their bodies were filthy objects of shame. How convenient when a brother, or friend, of the missionary happened to be a merchant bringing bolts of cloth which, at a good profit, were sold to cover up the proud and beautiful bodies of the Hawaiians.

Today, few Hawaiians ever go nude, and then only on an isolated beach once in a while. The misguided religious zealots, as active today as they were in

earlier times, continuously into against nudity and even have succeeded in getting a State law on the books prohibiting nudity anywhere in public. Now it is up to Haole (Whites, in Hawaiian language) residents and visitors to press for a change in State laws or at least for a modification in its application.

Precedents of long-time use of certain beaches by many naturists lead to local acceptance and non-enforcement by police of the anti-nudity law. Financial interests in

development of naturist resorts on private land and beaches with private access, is another way of expanding the practice and acceptance of naturism in the islands.

Both approaches have been attempted on various Hawaiian islands, with varied access. On Oahu, the only beach where nudity is possible is at the North Shore Naturist Park. On Kauai, only a couple of isolated beaches offer any chance to disrobe. On Maui the situation is even worse since a development project was





**Well, if they're going to get shipwrecked, there's worst places to find themselves.**

started next to Makena Beach and all but made nudity impossible anywhere on this heavily developed island. Molokai is almost deserted, and one could easily be nude in faraway corners of the island; however, there are only two acceptable beaches, and they already have hotels on them. Remains Hawaii, the Big Island, and although it is a financial backwater and farthest way from Honolulu (35 minutes by commuter jet), the very lack of excessive development, combined with its quiet charm, makes Hawaii a natural for naturist hopes in the Aloha State. In the tropical zone of the North Pacific, winds usually blow from the North-East, carrying with them rain in the winter season. Most tourist developments in the Hawaiian islands therefore favour the South and the West coasts when the topography otherwise so permits.

On the Big Island a bit of naturism is practised on the East Coast close to Hilo, the county capital. The World Guide to Nude Beaches (see H & E book ad.) gives directions to most nude

beaches in the islands — as well as the rest of the world — so that is your best start in planning a Big Island naturist vacation. You may want to keep in mind, however, that around Hilo the rain comes down in buckets, and very frequently so, keeping the entire area very green but also very moist.

The Western side of the island is known as the Kona coast (you must have heard of Kona coffee) and here it is drier and warmer (mostly 80-85°F.) and thus more pleasant for tourists, including naturists. Kailua is the biggest township on Kona, and a few miles north of town is an airport (Ke Ahole Airport) which recently was extended to accommodate larger jets flying in non-stop from the U.S. mainland. Hotels are plentiful and relatively inexpensive, car rental is usually included with tour packages to out-islands (i.e. not on Oahu) or is available for few extra dollars from the hotel, and eating places are both sufficient in numbers, and come in all prices ranges.

You find a relaxed, laid-back

attitude among most locals, including Kama'ainas (old timers) as well as newer residents and tourists. Some Haoles are drop-outs, enjoying the 'grass' (similar to Maui Wowoi) while turning out civilisation's worries. Others simply like the climate and have middle class values, enjoy being productive citizens and hold down jobs or operate their own businesses.

Some of these residents directly cater to naturists visitors, like the bed-and-breakfast facility called Hild House, operated by Vicki and Carl Hild. This most charming couple previously organised a small naturist circle in Alaska, and now make visitors welcome on the Kona coast.

They experienced the concept while travelling in Europe, and within months after the appearance of a small notice in *Clothed With the Sun* (quarterly magazine of The Naturist Society), they have already had many naturist guests and are receiving on the average of three inquiries per week. That proves the demand for such facilities,

and the Hilds now try to induce other local naturist landowners to set up stand-by B&B facilities to take care of visitors as the demand expands and contracts with the tourist seasons.

The Hilds have a small coffee plantation, a garden with mangoes, papayas, and avocados, and keep a few chickens for fresh eggs. Carl is a scuba dive master and can take his visitors out for diving. Vicki and Carl also act as guides and informants, letting visitors in on the best spots for dining, shopping, sightseeing, naturist beaches, etc. Do contact them at 'Hild House', R.R. 1, Box 145, Captain Cook, HI 96704, phone (808) 328-9458, and tell them that Leif recommended you to stay at their place. They may then offer you a special bonus when you become their guest.

Many hidden spots exist on the Kona coast where nude sunbathing is possible, from Green Sands beach in the South up to around Mauna Kea hotel in the North. At Paradise Acres near Captain Cook is a black volcanic sand beach. In the town of Kailua



itself, the small beach and pond south of the old airstrip is now being developed and thus no longer available to naturists. However, three miles north of town is the best known and oldest naturist beach in continuous use on the Big Island. It is Honokahau beach located immediately to the North of the yacht harbour by the same name.

For decades this has been a favourite spot for skinnydippers. In the old days, local police used to raid the beach every so often, issuing citations based on the anti-nudity law. That changed when Dr. Bruno J. Keith settled on the Kona coast in the late 1960's. With three doctorates in the field of education and linguistics, and many years of teaching experience behind him, he became a school master in the locality.

Professor John, as I used to call him at the Sequoians Nudist Club in California in the early



**The people, the sea and the conversation sparkle on Hawaiian holidays.**







Weight training might be useful here.



It's bitten! Let's reel it in.



1960s, was a veteran nudist and it didn't take him long to find Honokohau and its naturist beach. When he started going there on a regular basis, the police raids stopped. Why? Because, under old-Hawaiian law, a school master holds automatically the title of police major. It wouldn't look good for the cops to arrest one of their own, and one of high rank, just for skinny dipping.

So, Professor John, or Bruno as they call him here, became King of Honokohau Beach. Later he established a group known as Friends of Honokohau Beach. Bruno is getting up in his years, over 70 now, but he is still seen all over town, greeting friends and visitors, and handling out free gifts of fruit from his garden. He is also a regular for the delicious Sunday brunch at King





Kamehameha Hotel. You may contact him at: Dr. Bruno J. Keith, R.R. 1, Box 74-5094 Palani Road, Kailua-Kona, HI 96740. Phone (808) 329-2137.

Honokohau Beach is only one of many beaches where locals go nude, but for visitors it is one of the best, since access is fast and easy (10 minutes walk along the beach from your car parked at the north fork of the harbour). The

nude beach is about a quarter of a mile long, of yellow sand, with a lovely pond behind it and the mountains farther eastward. A short hike beyond the north end of the beach will lead to Queen's Bath, a brackish fresh water pool in the lava fields where the Alii (Hawaiian royalty) used to bathe. Have a friend who has been there before, take you the first time, or you could easily miss the right



Never mind, there's plenty more . . . as they say.



Even fishing was too energetic for these lazy days.





# 'Service is my motto — people are my speciality.'

direction and get lost.

During the week, at least 30-40 locals visit Honokohau beach each day, mostly showing up in the morning and staying for two to three hours before returning home, and presumably going to work in the tourist related services. Weekends more people show up, also some families, while weekdays mainly couples, singles, and small groups of adult friends come to enjoy the beach. The beach is safe for all ages, since the water is warm and only slopes gently to greater depths, and no strong currents or high waves threaten this beach section. For the time being, this beach which you can find by yourself, and those other which the World Guide as well as local naturist friends will show you, are the mainstay of naturism on the Big Island.

If you have a bit of money and want to go sportfishing off the Kona coast — even in naturist style — you are in luck. A naturist friend who manages a condominium, has a boat right in

Honokohau harbour. His brochure reads like this: A Kona Adventure. Join Capt. Al Atkins on board the X-T-Sea for world famous Kona sportfishing! Pacific blue marlin, yellowfin tuna, mahi-mahi and ono supply the thrills; we provide the experience and equipment. Half Day \$200, Full Day \$300, (shares available, max. 4 people), Choose from tournamnt or light tackle, lures or live bait. For information and reservations call 322-2222 or leave message at 329-4366. Free in-town pickup. Post Office Box 1325, Kailua-Kona, HI 96740.

## Family

Al's wife Judee is a real estate broker (G.R.I.), and the only naturist realtor on Kona. She says, 'Service is My Motto — People Are My Speciality'. Use the same phone numbers as above, and Judee will be at your beck and call. Al and Judee's buxom 18 year old daughter Lisa is also a naturist, has had modelling experience, and is taking a course in cosmetology in

Kailua-Kona. You will enjoy meeting the whole family while doing business with them, whether sportfishing, looking at real estate, or otherwise.

Somewhere within 45 minutes drive north of Kailua-Kona ground is being broken for a condominium, and word is out that naturism is going to be allowed here. A reliable source of information asked me not even to reveal some of the details I already know, as it could interfere with the interested parties' progress toward this desirable goal. So, at this time, nothing more will be said about it. But the concept would truly be a first for Hawaii.

On Oahu the North Shore Naturist Park is somewhat rustic, if nice and convenient for anyone from Honolulu, Waikiki, or anywhere on the island for that matter. And since most flights to the Hawaiian islands go to Honolulu first, where inter-island connections have to be taken from the domestic airport next door, most visitors come first to

Oahu, see the sights of Waikiki, etc., and would as naturists go to North Shore Naturist Park as the first choice.

## Favourite

For those fortunate and provident enough also to decide on a visit to one or more out-islands, the Big Island — and in particular the Kona coast — beckons as a favourite destination. As outlined in this article, naturists will find places to visit and friendly contacts to communicate with, and should the naturist condo become a reality in the near future, you would have yet another attraction to pull you inexorably to Kona. We will keep you posted!



Looks like someone's just swam in from the other side of the Pacific.





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### THE NATURIST FOUNDATION

The facilities provided by the Naturist Foundation on the southern outskirts of Greater London are by far the best and most extensive in Britain. Since the Foundation is a registered charity (successor to the North Kent Sun Club, founded 1948), they are made available at very modest annual cost to those in need of them, with priority to young people and families. Included are:

Large heated swimming pool

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— all in 50 acres of parkland, which include a mile-long naturist jogging track as well as peaceful woodland walks and many acres of camping sites and sun lawns. There is a full programme of social and recreational events.

Besides providing these facilities at Naturist Headquarters, the Foundation promotes its charitable objects on a national scale through information, advice and practical assistance. Those unable to enjoy the facilities can support this work by subscribing £8 or more annually (which can be paid under 4-year covenants if you wish to provide extra help). Subscribers are informed of progress through the Foundation's own journal, "THE GROVE", published 3 times a year, and can attend splash nights and special Open Days.

Young people and families living elsewhere in Britain or abroad, who possess tents or caravans, can spend holidays at Naturist Headquarters. Send stamps or reply coupon for details. Subscribers enjoy a discount on such holidays.

Enquiries (with family or personal details, please) to:

**HELEN JONES, NATURIST HEADQUARTERS,  
 ORPINGTON KENT BR5 4ET.**

Our comprehensive handbook "Naturism in Britain" (price £2.50) provides details of our own and other outdoor naturist facilities throughout Britain.

(4, 5, 6, 7)



**Naturism can be about more than just taking your clothes off. It can also be about why you wear the ones you keep on. Should men be the only ones with a right to wear trousers? Should women be the only ones with a right to wear skirts? By Noel Marshall Turner.**

**T**HE transvestite naturist is a phenomenon yet to make a great impact in the world. There are some obvious problems. But however unlikely it may be that the two qualities would be evident in the same person at the same time, there is no reason that the same person should not be both at different times. Indeed there may be more in common between these two minority groups, than first meets the eye.

What, you may well ask, could a group which sheds all its clothes as a general principle, have in common with one which merely juggles them about? The answer lies in the same attitude of mind, in a similar opposition to social conditioning.

### Scandal

A local parish councillor recently caused quite a stir. For convenience I'll refer to him as Mr. Smith, although the story-matter is otherwise completely true.

Firstly, it is important to point out that Mr. Smith does not regard himself as a transvestite. Perhaps he finds that the word carries with it an implied sexual kick, with which he has no sympathy (much as does the word 'naturist' to the uninitiated). For Mr. Smith, the point is rather one of principle.

The story begins three years ago while Mr. Smith was still serving as a councillor, involved in the organisation of the local carnival. On the occasion of the actual event, itself, he and his girlfriend joined in the 'Robinson Crusoe and his Girl Friday'. Nothing unusual in that, excepting that, for added amusement, his girlfriend went as the castaway, while he, himself, went as 'Girl Friday'. The scandal provoked by this harmless prank was out of all proportion.

What caused the storm? Did Mr. Smith insult the fairer sex by parodying the part? Was he too ugly to exhibit himself in such a way? No. In fact, most likely, it was that Mr. Smith, a good-looking man, in his 20's, did too much justice to the part, looked a little too convincing for comfort. It was obvious that he had to be perverted. Such a man, well . . . person, was wholly unsuited to the position on the parish council. (Indeed, I agree with them. Mr. Smith and his colleagues came from different worlds, made very poor bed-

# GENDER BENDERS



**A couple like this may shock some, but it's nothing in comparison to some things.**

fellows.) Mr. Smith resigned. Though not out of shame or embarrassment. Rather out of disgust. We, as naturists, can probably well understand his feelings.

In subsequent annual carnivals Mr. Smith made a point of appearing, always in some female role. A photograph in the local press, quite recently, showed him posing as very convincing, and, it must be admitted, remarkably attractive policewoman. Why shouldn't anyone use a carnival to enjoy play-acting at parts normally denied them by strict social expectations? Isn't it all in the name of charity, anyway?

Up to this point, Mr. Smith

was merely a local eccentric. Someone to be passed by at a discrete distance. Someone to keep one's children away from. His star performance was yet to come.

Between carnivals, Mr. Smith had been asking himself questions. Who was it who was forcing him to play a particular expected role in society? Why, if society expected him to have to wear clothes in the street, could he not wear whatever clothes he wished? Who was conditioning him? He thought of writing a book. But in the meantime, he and his girlfriend were about to get married. That is, if the registrar would let them.

### Objection

Mr. Smith was not above to take on the Church. That pillar of wisdom is far too old and set in its ways to change now. But he couldn't see that the law should have any objection to he and his fiancée being married in a registry office, he in a bridal gown, and his wife-to-be in a traditional morning suit.

The registrar balked. For what reason? Asked Mr. Smith. Asked the press? Asked the people who wrote to the press. In truth Mr. Smith had, by now, a remarkable number of supporters. The great proponents of the rules of society are more in the minority than most of us, I think, realise. Why, then?

The registrar actually said, amongst other equally flimsy excuses, including lack of respect for the institution of marriage, etc, that people might imagine that two women were being married! That was, in fact, the closest this executor of the law got to expressing legitimate opposition. Whilst it may be an interesting question, left for another time, it is nevertheless clearly the law that two persons of the same sex may not marry. But the registrar's legal position was indefensible. The law is not concerned with what people might imagine to be happening, but with what actually is. Indeed Mr. Smith was right in that the law could not oppose him, and did not, once the incompetent registrar was set aside.

An interesting point, though, was that the registrar was concerned only that people might think two women were marrying. Throughout the story, no-one paid much attention to Mr. Smith's girlfriend dressing in male attire. Why not, equally, two men? The answer is that women have virtually broken down the barriers in dress, at least from their side. Probably in the name of liberation. It is quite acceptable for women to wear trousers, formerly an exclusively male domain. But men, in skirts? Don't be silly!

I have often envied women's rights to wear such loose outer garments as skirts and frocks. I imagine that I might forget my underwear, as did the ladies of the last century, and feel the freedom of almost being a naturist, whilst also keeping warm. Holidaying at Agde, I met a university lecturer who was



You can wear what you like —  
as long as it's in the right  
place at the right time.





Sometimes open rebellion against society brings much more pleasure than pain.

prepared to go that far, and did, regularly giving lectures in a sarong.

It's not so long ago in history that men were truly the peacocks of the species, with flamboyant, colourful dress, and even able to wear perfume, without having to label it aftershave.

But Mr. Smith's arguments were intended to strike deeper than mere clothing. He and his wife actually wished to exchange roles within their marriage. The wedding dress was just a symbol for this. She would go out to work, while he stayed at home with the children. And they would do it simply because they wanted to.

#### Kept Man

Wouldn't Mr. Smith feel like a kept man? You may just as well ask 'Do women who stay at home feel kept?' It is all a matter of convenience; someone needs to work, someone needs to mind the children. As to who should, it should be more a case of who wishes. Such questions belong back in the Dark Ages, with all other chauvinists and the like.

The lesson is one of being aware of social conditioning. It doesn't only keep us from running around naked in the streets. It goes far deeper, into things you may never have thought about. What is healthy, what is efficient, is always arranging things to suit ourselves, not selfishly, but not bowing to the whims, fancies, and preconceptions of a blinkered society. Think about it. Every naturist should at least be able to understand it.

*Postscript:* I am delighted to announce that in OCTOBER 1984, Mr. Smith and his fiancée, were married. The bride wore a smart, dark, morning suit, the groom, a beautiful white dress, designed by the bride. There were two male attendants, in lovely dresses complimenting that of the groom. A number of children, relatives of the happy couple also assisted. The registrar was, in the event, a lady!



IF YOU WANT TO BE IN THE  
SWIM OF THINGS, PLACE  
AN AD IN H & E  
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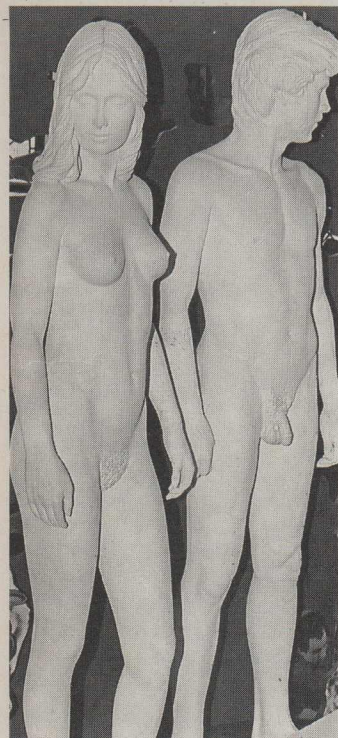
At least there's no danger of her falling between two stools.



# PAEDROPHY

NOT a new kind of religion it simply means the 'proper upbringing of the child.'

But this unusual word helps me introduce a subject of importance.



Are children shocked by these British Museum models?

One of the most advanced arguments against the establishment of free beaches is the one that suggests that children will suffer harm if they see a naked adult. No one has ever demonstrated this to be true. On the contrary naturists in all nations will testify the opposite. Only adults with perverted ideas about their own bodies could hold such views. Yet again and again a local councillor here or busybody somewhere else raises the issue.

I'm glad to report that the British Museum has on display a young male and female completely nude and with no concessions to modesty. Sadly not a live couple, just a sculpture. But every day hundreds of kids pass and look on these figures. All of them in school parties come to visit the museum.

Are they harmed? Are they perverted? Are they shocked? Happily I report they are not.

Perhaps some of the adults who are so convinced that children will suffer from viewing the nude should wander into the British Museum in London once in a while. The visit may guide them in understanding the 'proper upbringing of the child.'

**ALL YOUR NATURIST NEEDS  
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## NUDE PACIFIC

VISITING Australia? Already there? Want to know about Nudist beaches, nudist magazines, nudist resorts? Then you might want to buy a guide. It is called 'Nude Asia-Pacific' and contains details of all these and more.

It doesn't stop at Australia. As the name implies you have lists of beaches etc in Canada, Bali, Belau, Goa (in India) Hawaii, Hong Kong, Japan and a place called Kiribati, wherever that is.

I should mention that some of the places listed are only mentioned to point out that there are no nudist facilities available.

In fact you can learn that it is even worse. For instance in Tonga, the cops will get you if you wear a bikini or bathing suit on a Sunday.

And they get pretty uptight in Taiwan too. Officials there banned visiting Tahiti topless dancers.

You can get your copy from GPO Box 1197, Sydney, NSW, Australia. Cost five Australian dollars. But if you have inside information on nudist beaches in the Pacific Basin area send the facts to the same address and you will get a free copy if they are used.

# WORLD OF THE NATURIST

Who are the neo-naturists? And what do they believe in? And why on earth do they paint clothes on their nude bodies? And have you heard the one about the nude grannies of Estartit? Or the lass who couldn't get out of bed because she had her knickers in a twist. It's all in H.M. Wren's romp through the Press.

## WHO ARE THE NEOS?

A RECENT TV film taken during last summer caused a lot of comment after its showing. Nothing new about that. But what did cause interest, concern and in some cases shock was the event of the neo-Naturists.

Among the uptight was our old friend Gerry Ryland, President of the Central Council for British Naturism. The Wolverhampton Express and Star reported him as saying 'Neo-Naturists do a disservice to us. They are a bunch of Weirdos. We don't have anything to do with them and our worry is that people watching the Central programme will associate the two groups.'

The same paper reported the neo-naturists as painting their nude bodies 'in more colours than Joseph and the Amazing Technicoloured Dreamcoat.' It continued to say the neo-naturists cruised down the river at Stratford on Avon wearing 'clothes' which were only painted on their nude bodies. Apparently spectators on the river bank did a 'double take' as they passed.

The Birmingham Evening Mail reported the neo-naturists had caused havoc at a local hotel. A source at the TV company concerned said the neo-naturists 'went absolutely berserk and held orgies until five in the morning.' The neo-naturists denied it.

I can't help wondering what



these 'new' naturists will be up to next. A spokesman for the neos said they were opposed to camps which divide them from the naturist movement. Also 'Body painting is just a sideline though paint is usually all we wear. The difference between us and the naturists is in attitude. They shut themselves away in camps and enclosures. This to us isn't natural. We like to be naked doing cabaret in nightclubs and in the streets.'

It appears the neo-naturists gathered at Centre Point in London. A policeman told them to put their clothes on so they did. If the neo-naturists would care to get in touch with me I would be delighted to bring our readers up to date with their new movement. Any offers?



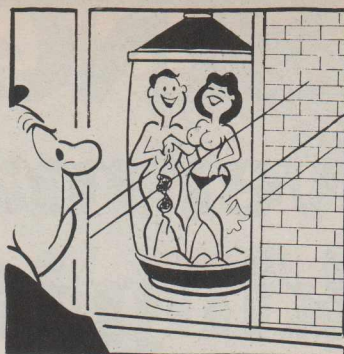


# HIGH LIFE

**E**VER been for a ride in one of those glass enclosed elevators they stick on the outside of buildings nowadays? It's fun. Like being in a helicopter.

One couple in Atlanta thought so too. They decided to make it more fun and took off all their clothes while they went sky riding.

Trouble was some people don't know a good thing when they see it. At the Hotel, restaurant



manager Rheubin Lewis called the hotel securitu when he boggled at them a floor below his precious restaurant.

The cops arrived and arrested the couple and charged them with 'public indecency.' Black mark to the Peachtree Plaza Hotel in Atlanta USA.

As Queen Victoria used to say 'It really doesn't matter what you do so long as it doesn't frighten the horses.'

## QUICKIES

- The Camera Club situated in London reports the results of a recent questionnaire. In the 'Interests' section the highest number of votes (over 50%) went to photographing the nude. Also in the same category Portrait and Landscape. Glamour came into the second category of interests.

- A nude oil painting by Egon Schiele fetched £3,190,000 at a London auction held at Sotherby's. It was said that this painting by Schiele was the only one never likely to come on the market.

- Recently a TV documentary couldn't go ahead until the film crew took off their clothes too. So the six man team from Central TV worked naked. Said the director 'We felt it fair that we should enter into the spirit of the events.'



- Mother Grundy is alive and well and living in Sydney. A local newspaper recently refused to carry an advertisement. Here is the offending ad: 'Nude beach list: Oz/Asia/Pac 5 Box 1197 GPO'.

- A naked jogger in Oxford was cheered by onlookers as he

whizzed past. 'He was BARELY out of breath when we arrested him,' said a wisecracking cop.

- A survey in France reveals that two out of three women would rather be downstairs with the kids than in bed with a man . . . The same survey said one in three would rather be at work. To my simple mind that makes three out of three. Ye Gods, what happened to all OOO La La!

- Talk about withdrawal symptoms. A doctor consulted by a housewife over her marriage problems prescribed himself. The regular doses of sex he gave her would work wonders. When he stopped the cure after 16 months she reported him to the General Medical Council.

- A strange accident in a Spanish Holiday Hotel. A woman was trapped in her room by a coiled bed spring that got twisted in her knickers. Remedy. Don't wear them.

## TOPLESS GRANNIES

**S**EVEN grandmothers shared a holiday in Spain. And when one suggested a topless photograph for a momento they all joined in. After all tit is quite common in Estarrit.

But it's a little different back home in Bristol. The 73 year old grannie who took the picture passed it on to a magazine published by the Imperial Tobacco company where some of the girls worked.

When the storm and the smoke cleared our undaunted amateur photographer claimed all pictured had agreed.

## STOP PRESS

### Spanish Face-lift

We've just received details of new naturist developments in Spain. Although not a new naturist resort, El Portus is to receive a complete face-lift.

El Portus camping resort is in one of Spain's natural beauty spots, a Mediterranean beach side with impressive views of mountains and woodland. Yet now a large investment plan has been put into force. New tents, mobile homes, bungalows for sale are available. Also an outdoor swimming pool, restaurant extensions, supermarket, and many more amenities and holidaymaker facilities for holidaymakers.

It'll still be back-to-nature, but with much more to offer to the holidaymaker. An hour's drive from Alicante, this resort should shortly become one of Europe's favourite naturist resorts. This year is already fast becoming sold out.

For further information on package holidays from England, contact Eden Holidays (837 4828) or Sundressed Holidays (0525 381271) or direct to Camping Naturista El Portus S.A., Cartagena, Prov. Murcia, Spain.

### Naturist Clean-up

Nothing is more annoying than to get up from a beautiful sun-kissed day on the beach to discover that you've also been kissed by tar, grease and other sticky substances. So naturists must welcome the latest product on the market to help us clean-up. Applied sparingly to the skin Slick will remove grease, oil, tar and paint even from under the nails and around.

Used to remove oil from sea birds after an oil slick it was found to be gentle and effective.

A few drops of this liquid will clean tar from beach balls, spades, buckets, flippers etc. Even chewing gum!

Motorists will also find it useful — Slick can quickly remove all traces of oil after changing tyres or checking oil.

The manufacturers recommend that it can be used on clothes, skin, hair, pets as well as clothing, paintwork, hard surfaces and most plastics. Almost anything except rubber, rubberised fabrics or polystyrene.

If you are interested in trying out this product, contact CB Developments, Studio 8, Mill Lane, Sidlesham, W. Sussex. PO20 7LU. England.



The only Egon Schiele painting never to come on the market?



# THE SINGLE MAN- Never made it?...

## Or making it all the time?

**I**N my youth there was a song from a Cowboy western which went: 'I've got bells that jingle jangle jingle,

As I go ridin' merrily along;  
And they say, 'Oh, ain't you glad you're single,  
And that song ain't so very far from wrong . . .'

What was wrong with the song was not so much the intriguing grammar, as the fact that it was more popular with married men than bachelors gay.

There are two types of single man; the divorcee, and the absolute bachelor, who has never taken the plunge. Of the first category — the divorcees — they break down into two sub divisions; those who left their partners, and the rest who were left by them.

To be a single man is, in many cases, to be treated like an only child, by those who had brothers and sisters. At best to be ragged, at worst to be villified.

What has, in our modern times, made the single-by-choice man's position more difficult is the acceptance of homosexuality as an alternative to the norm. In 1984 most queens no longer need to live in the closet.

As 'gays' have come out into the open with their own pubs, clubs, restaurants, media, and other infrastructure, so the unpartnered heterosexual male has sub-consciously, in most cases, developed his 'macho', as an external body armour to assure the silent majority of like heteros that he is one of them.

In America the stage was reached long ago — by the early sixties — where any man who was still unmarried by the age of 25 was looked at askance. Even to the point where he might not get the job he wanted because he did not have a proper partner, i.e.: a wife.

To say that a single man is a selfish man is palpable nonsense of the most unimaginative degree. Marriage is not the be all, the end all, and certainly not the cure all on the road to eternal happiness, as the growing number of today's career girls will affirm. It may be necessary for the procreation of the specie, but that is another matter and another subject.



**He will usually have trouble getting accepted in a naturist club. On a free beach he'll be treated as suspect before he proves his respectability. To some (especially married men) he's a source of envy, living the life of Riley, whereas to others (usually women) he's a cause for pity, having never found the right catch. But he's always a topic of interest. By Maurice Richards.**

Let us consider the single man.

And let us get rid of poignant skeletons in the cupboard of the sort that made 'Woman's Own' into a high circulation weekly. Most single blokes have not had a ruptured romance of 'the only girl in the world' variety. They have not been crossed in love, and saved up their dole money to go and join the Foreign Legion. Quite honestly and simply, marriage just has not happened.

Bachelors are made, not born. And that is especially the case of those who have tried the marriage

stakes and failed.

Bachelors, according to the late Professor Bronstein of the University of Columbia, are 'people who like to go to other people's parties so that they can leave when they wish, rather than having their own, and waiting for the party to leave them.'

Is a man selfish because he does not wish to become seriously involved, any more than if he fancies boys to girls, anyway?

Is it a crime to go one's sweet, quiet, way, pleasing

oneself, giving little offence to anybody?

You might think the answer is 'yes' if you read some of the 'Guardianised' trendy pontiffs on the subject.

Being a single man is not all beer and skittles. I am speaking from my own experience. I was 'unmarried' 22 years ago.

Most single men have ordinary incomes and ordinary jobs. Those that have left home have learned to be their own social secretary, 'laundress', 'Mrs. Mopp', and general dogsbody. Ask a married man who does his shirts, for instance, and the chances are that he will look blank and say: 'My shirts? Well, er, my wife, I suppose. Er, well I think she does. Er, come to think of it, I couldn't bloody well tell you!'

Go to a convention, conference, or some other male gathering with a group, and it will become obvious that it is the 'marrieds' who know how to look after themselves least — or the ones with live-in partners of fairly long standing.

The single man has made himself sturdily independent through necessity. His normal day takes cleaning, laundry, and other domestic situations, in its stride. He can also cook. Not perhaps, to qualify for five rosettes from Egon Ronay or get into the Guide Michelin, but more than enough to satisfy himself in quality and variety. He is also his own financial comptroller, with an inbuilt cost conscious mechanism, which can be supportive to him in his business.

The bachelor's problems are mostly man made, by other men; married other men.

No-one thinks of you as a bachelor until you begin to approach 30, because it is always assumed you have a permanent girlfriend around somewhere. It is when she does not appear that friends girlfriends and wives start to ask their partners: 'Doesn't Maurice have a girlfriend?'

The problems begin when they try and 'arrange' one for you. 'We're having a little dinner party next Saturday. We'd love you to come . . .'

Arrive, and it is obvious that



Could he be hogging the ball — or just choosing the right woman to share it with?





the odd lady out is your partner for the evening. You have not been **asked** if you would like one; but it would have been nice if someone had — even if your dining companion was Joan Collins or Bo Derek.

There are 'tactful' little hints dropped throughout the evening to each one of you about the other. 'Oh, Sarah, Maurice likes jazz. I believe you've been to Ronnie Scott's, haven't you?', or; 'Er, Maurice, you can always get tickets for Covent Garden. I know Sarah would love to see 'Aida' again . . .' and so on.

Your biggest problem is keeping conversation on a

pleasantly platonic level, aware that everyone else at the table is straining their eardrums to pick up vibes, just waiting for the mating.

#### Retreat

Saying 'goodnight' is the worst thing. Shaking hands is ludicrous; a peck on the cheek downputting to her armour propre: turning on your heel and waving up the garden path, or beating a quick retreat from her flat door, decidedly ungallant.

Never, in those circumstance, be truthful. Never say: 'Look Sarah. I didn't realise this evening was a set up . . . etc., etc.,

etc . . .' because you might well destroy her confidence for ever and a day to come.

What to do? I can't tell you. I've been in that position all too often, and I still don't know how to handle it!

There is another quirkish thing about single manhood. The married man assumes that you have got girlfriends climbing in and out of the cot by numbers. You probably have several, but nowhere approaching the size of quantity which would qualify you for the Casanova Stakes.

Yet, some you really fancy won't return the compliment because you ARE single. Their

bag is the married man as an insurance against not getting too involved, where the guidelines are firmly drawn and there is not so much danger of becoming hung and quartered.

But the pitfalls of bachelordom are few in comparison with the blessings for the man who **genuinely** feels that personal freedom is paramount. That without it he will wither and not live. Just, like King James, take an unconscionable time a'dying.

The real bachelor sees longer than the end of his nose, in his younger years. He knows that old age can be a problem; that he will outlive most of his family, and doesn't mind. He does not want to be obligated through blood; what are known as 'family ties', after the gamut of growing up, and early environmental discipline. Whenever he wishes to do good it need not necessarily be by stealth, but always on his own terms, without that suffocating guilt of 'duty' clawing at his throat.

#### Marriage

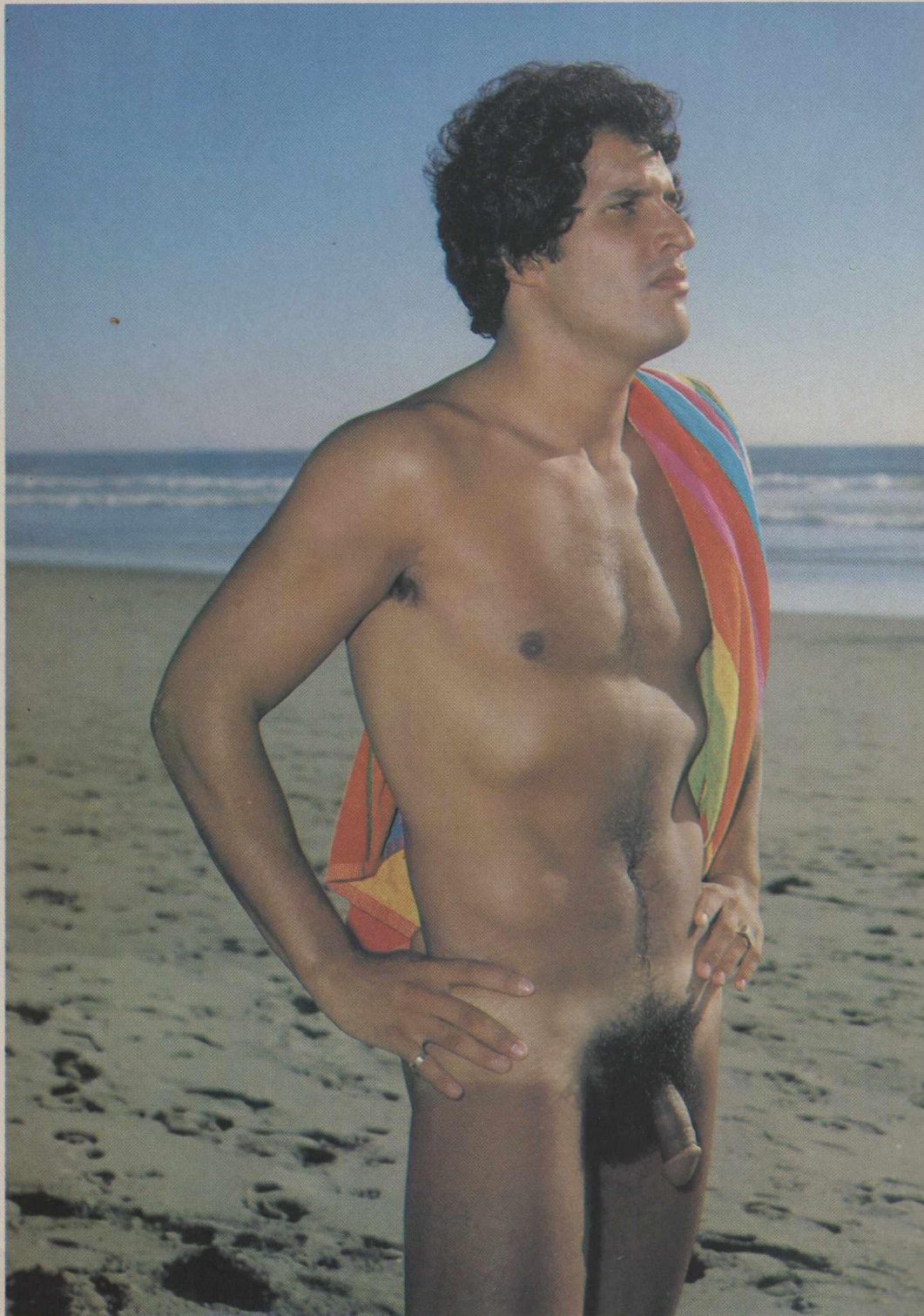
The single man does not wish to recreate himself through marriage, realising that he can choose his friends, but not his children.

The single man relishes his status the longer he lives, and sees marriage as an unrelenting jail sentence. The reasons why a lot of employees will take on a family man instead of a bachelor have nothing to do with the milk of human kindness but with Mammon. He will be more dependent because his wife and three children are, in turn, dependent on him. The bachelor has the greater liberty of self expression at all times, and the boss that he knows that the worse that can happen is that he can get fired.

Being single should never be an act. Something to be worked at. One either wants to throw a party, as Professor Bronstein quipped, or, as in my case, be a guest and not wait for it to leave them.

In my mother's autograph book, from her early girlfriend, someone wrote, in 1922: 'In this life to come, there are two things you must do. ALWAYS BE INDEPENDENT, AND PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE . . .'

Amen.



Single men are often accused of being always on the lookout, but is this really fair?





Is he measuring them up for  
size?





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# FROM GOD ZONE WITH LOVE

Going naked for some takes personal courage; it's an act of defiance, a statement. To others, it's irresistible — you don't think about it — you just do it because all your senses lead you there. By Erica Rigley





**N**ATURISTS, to my view, are amongst the luckiest people in the world — because they can feel and enjoy a simple and essential experience which, apparently, lots of people never have. For me, not to revel in that sensation, not to feel it, would be as disastrous as to lose one of my five senses — senses which are themselves beneficiaries of nakedness to the extent that nudity brings them to the forefront of my consciousness and makes them keener.

This, for me, is one of the great thrills to naturism. Sensation, the

actual experience of being alive (let alone free!) ousts thinking. No matter how daring the thought, it can never be as valuable, as much fun, as reality!

New Zealand, where I come from, is an ideal country for naturism. Over much of it the weather is favourable for three-quarters of the year. There is space — in the open, in the sunshine, because of a population density only a twentieth of that of Great Britain. A 'remote' beach is actually scarcely any distance away.

The streams and rivers are

always clear and safe (except when too fast or too full). There are even no natural nasties: one thinks of 'colonial' life as fraught with dangerous animals — yet not New Zealand. It has no snakes, no poisonous insects, no hazardous mammals. Until mankind, it was almost exclusively a bird sanctuary, and until the airliner it did not have the wasp — who arrived as a stowaway!

I used to snatch every opportunity to go naked that I could. How could one not? And yet most of the time I found few enough people of the same mind

too few. This will seem naive to British readers, but I little realised at home in New Zealand that special efforts were needed in order to meet others like me. It is such a land of opportunity that one feels almost instinctively that if the chance you want is not immediately apparent, it cannot exist.

Picture me, then, seizing moments on family holidays, with the silliest and flimsiest of excuses, walking naked through what every New Zealander calls 'God's own country', or 'God-zone' for short. Whilst the rest of my clan (and this included three of the handsomest brothers) fished the yielding seas, or lasciviously licked their (always) beloved ice creams, your Erica would round the headland to the beach where by common consent (but never by law) difficulty of access made nudity permissible, and indeed, general.

These moments were so few that my starved senses swam in exhilaration. But when I myself swam, at least on one well-remembered occasion, enterprising and calculating peeping-toms stole my clothes from the rocks and removed them to such a distance that the thieves, restored to their observation post, would certainly have achieved the peak of their peeping careers.

Today, such an event would not disturb me. Provided I felt safe, perhaps I would enjoy it. Then, guilt because no one within my intimate circle shared my own lust for nudity made such a situation a horror. But you find — don't you — that the people who go to a naturist beach, not as victims of fashion, but quite simply, are amongst the most thoughtful, the most alive, the most sensitive, the most intelligent.

Anyway, in this case, I was rescued. On the ordinary New Zealand beach the man next to you is a mechanic mesmerised by his own muscles, a surf life-saver surveying the seas of his own heroism, a callow youth concentrating on his canned beer, or a husband spitting sand from the family sandwiches. For me, on the naturist beach, however, it was a television producer. 'I brought your clothes back,' he said, as I returned from my swim whence I had watched the growing disaster, and he retired immediately to his own patch of sunbaked rock.

As I dried myself, naked on the beach, and behind me tumbled masses of brilliantly crimson-flowering native trees, I felt exactly the same sense of glowing inner revelry, of naturalness and yet excess, which both the braced

Erica with friends, on a short trip to Spain.







Erica found no peeping toms nor litter at Costa Natura.

sails and plunging bows expressed on one side and the exuberant crimson blossom on the other. That sensation commits me to naturism.

It was from amongst the dense foliage and tangled roots of the native trees that my peeping-toms had sprung. Perhaps they had returned there. It seemed to me that, tampering with my clothes excepted, they had as much natural right to watch me or to want to watch me, as to peer at the yachts offshore.

Clearly not for nothing were the sails so brazenly coloured or the flowers so outrageous in colour, style and profusion. I could feel in myself the same wish for expression — not explanation, not rationalisation, not even communication — that just to be, while in that naturist mood, was itself the most true expression I could experience: as true as the flowers behind me, which because of this feeling I seemed to understand. Now that we were in the same world I didn't need to appreciate them, or explain them, or know their name.

I decided then, and abide by my decision, that peeping-toms are not altogether wrong. The education which has so ill-fitted them to join in the flow of life directly is, of course, at fault. It



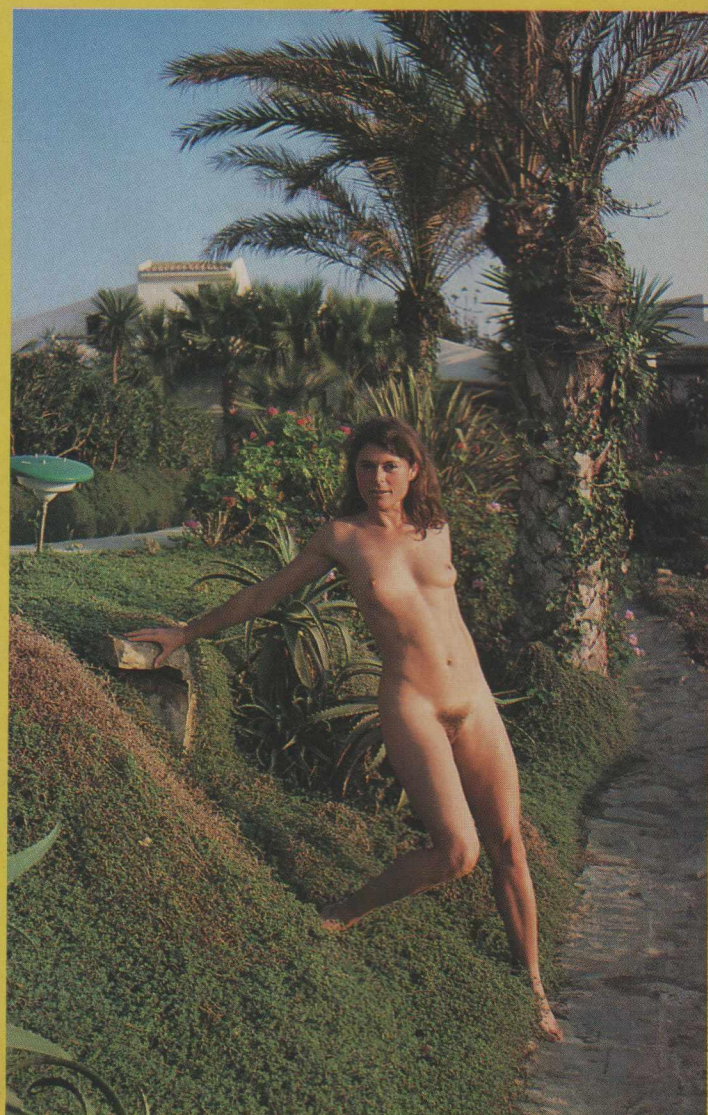




However far you push the boat, it's always good to have a happy home to return to.



An experienced sailor, Erica looks at ease on strange vessels.



But everyone needs time just to walk and think . . .



is as much at fault when it shows itself in the liberal, well-mannered individual who walks by the naturist with a polite aversion of the eye. I hope these things will change: surely any naturist who enjoys his naked simplicity and the thrill of nature must wish that the young were not reared to find the amusement arcade more decent and more interesting than nakedness?

Here in England a great guide and mentor of mind has introduced me to a spectacular, wooded Devon valley. The river flows in fits and starts through broad shallows where the sun warms it and deep pools where we swim. It would seem a sacrilege to wear clothes. Just one piece is a contamination and alters the moment. Even the eye level views of tumbling water, slanting boulders and green banks are changed.

In the high season not a few others walk in this valley. Curiously, if one should round a bend and gain a sudden, longer vista, and find naked bodies bathing, the scene is spoilt not a jot. But to introduce into such luxuriant and natural English scenery the usual complications of the human mind is a resented failure.

Against the backdrop of a concrete hotel some modern swimming costumes may look quite stunning. Within the field of fashion where they have validity they may be fun. In competition with butterflies, kingfishers, the sleek otter, and the pebble-patterned river floor, they are crass. They should be left at home.

For me, this move towards a life without litter, and towards not being oneself litter, is very much a part of the way I experience naturism. Since I found British Naturism I have never felt so much at home, and in company I find myself travelling faster. So I say to all British Naturists (members or otherwise); thank you for having me.



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# [ READERS PHOTO CONTEST

## More Men, Less Macho

**S**OME things never change. We are always inundated with beautiful pictures of stunning naturist ladies. They are nearly always sent in by male photographers.

I wonder why this is? Is it because people don't think the male body is as interesting as the female? Many, including us at H & E would disagree. Is it because the lady models want to hog the photos and don't like others getting a look in their photos? I doubt it. Most women veer towards modesty and self consciousness, and probably need quite a lot of gentle persuasion.

I think it must be because women haven't yet taken to photography in a big way. Photography is macho. Take a group of male amateur snappers and they'll be discussing their equipment not the perspective, not composition but f-stops, motor winders and telescopic converters. Camera magazines are always male-orientated. It's no wonder many women are put off. It's not that women cannot understand it, but they tend to be put off by all the jargon.

So let's have more photographs taken by women of their husbands, families and friends.

First prize is £12, second is £8, third is £5. Please write your name and address on each colour slide or print. It's helpful if you tell us a bit about the photograph, who's in the picture, where it was taken, and when. Do allow a bit of time for their return. We sometimes hold on to them and re-enter them in subsequent months if they don't win first time.

Send all entries together with a self-addressed envelope and return postage to Readers' Photo Contest, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.



## Female Form

**FIRST (above)** After a spell of farming in the grain fields in Ontario, Beverley takes a well earned rest, whilst husband Kenneth whips out his camera.

**SECOND (right)** Terry of San Francisco lives on a mountain bordering the Golden Gate National Reception Area. He keeps a couple of British Miniature Horses derived from pit ponies, but now are more used to pulling his nudist friends along!

**THIRD (below)** Jacques of Alfortville, France wins a prize for this natural looking photo of his wife taken in Clapotis whilst holidaying there.





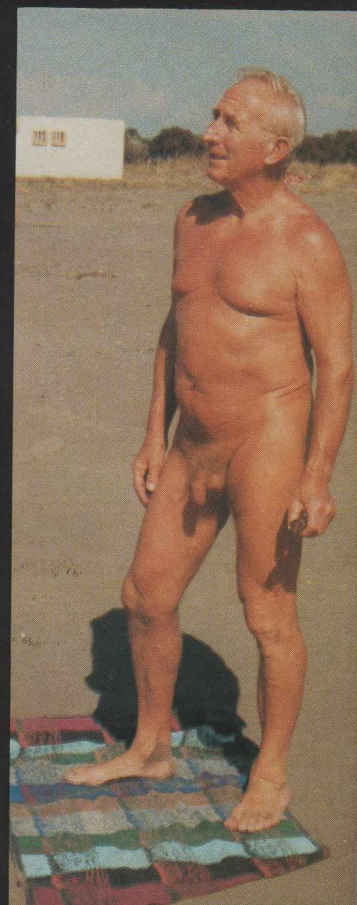
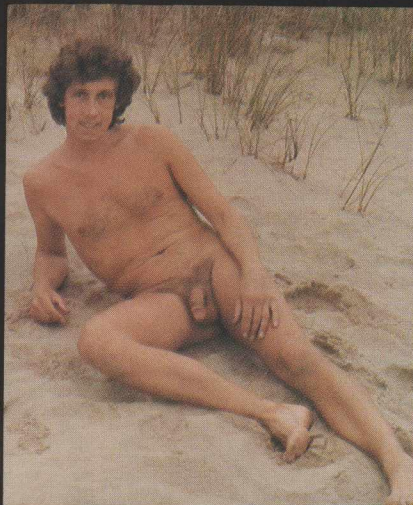
## Male



**FIRST** (left) Carrie of Chatham sent in this smiling photo of husband John at the ever popular sandy beach of Studland Bay, Dorset.

**SECOND** (right) Jonathan of Walton on Thames, Surrey had this photo taken of himself at Velika Plaza Beach, Nr. Ulcinj, Yugoslavia. Not bad for 72!

**THIRD** (below) John of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire had this photo taken at Theddlethorpe sand dunes where he can often be found.



## Groups

**FIRST** (right) American reader Mr. P. Smith of Florida brought this photo round of two lovely looking friends of his, taken on some typically blue sky day.

**SECOND** (below) John of Rotherham took this picture of George & Elizabeth, two good friends of his at Fraisthorpe Beach, Bridlington. He always looks forward to his summer weekends there.

**THIRD** (left) This American couple were caught on Playalinda Nudist Beach, obviously overwhelmed by the romantic atmosphere.





# Family Fotos



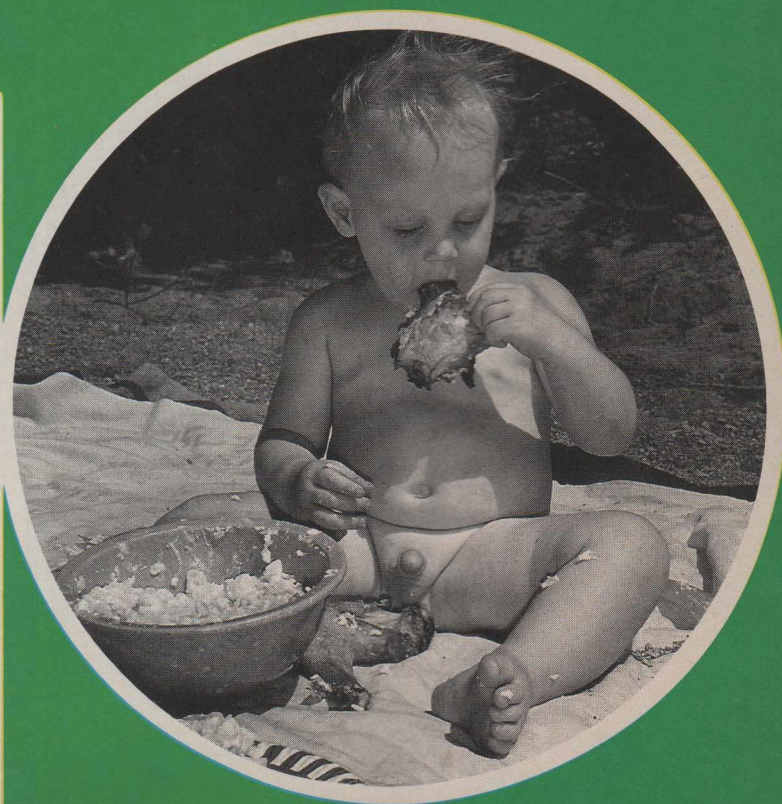
**Family  
Magic  
on  
Holiday**



*'He may think he's going to win, but he hasn't yet seen my backstroke.'*



*'You may think I'm acting nervously, but sharks can get you in depths of three feet.'*



*'At least they're beginning to cater for my gourmet tastes.'*



**'More family photos!' comes the cry from our readers. So we are trying to include as many of these as possible. But at this rate we'll soon be running out, so how about sending us some of yours? In black-and-white, please. Send as many as you like, in stamped addressed envelopes to Family Fotos, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1. Published prints win £5 each**



**'OK, I don't mind smiling for you just once more, even though I just want to dive in.'**



**'If you deliver this invitation right away, you may stay up for the party.'**



**'When you attend these model sessions, you must learn to smile and stop wriggling.'**



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Got something to say? Why not tell as many people as possible through the pages of H & E? We pay £5 for the Letter of the Month, and try to print as many as possible. Please type them if possible. We reserve the right to shorten or edit all letters. Write to Letters to the Editor, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.



**LETTER OF THE MONTH**  
**R**EFERRING to Linda and Marc Schuyten's article 'Are You a Guilty Naturist Parent?', appearing in H & E Vol. 85 No. 7, may I add.

Naturism is a healthy behaviour, with nothing to hide or be ashamed of.

The important thing with children, as I see it, is for the parents to behave normally without making an issue of the subject. If the parents are Naturists, they should behave Naturistically at home or wherever they choose to be appropriate. They should not hide their Naturism, nor be afraid to have it known. Their conviction of Naturism is the strongest pillar.

When someone is convinced, how can he feel guilty?

If parents feel guilty, how then are they to transmit their message to their children? Their own concept of Naturism is shattered, and they are therefore not real Naturists.

The child feels, sees and memorises. He behaves like his parents do. For him, they are the example and this is the way it is.

Consequently, going to a nude beach, or pool, or club, becomes to the child a normal way of life. He will grow in this atmosphere. Should on maturity he have other concepts than those of his Naturist parents, this remains his prerogative.

Francois A. Albina  
Jerusalem.

☆☆☆

## ACTION TAKEN

**I**AM pleased to see that you have again shown some action shots in recent issues of H & E.

As a regular reader for many years I appreciate the advances made in your publication and I enjoy the photos of the beautiful ladies who adorn your pages as, I am sure, the ladies enjoy the photos of the men.

However I, and I am sure many of your readers both male and female, enjoy photos with action as well as the posed ones.

The photos you have published in the past of a young lady on the rings and bar in a gym, ladies riding horses, men and women playing miniten and volleyball all show that nudism is an active activity.

Another trend, with which I heartily endorse, was your encouragement.

Walter Elliott,  
Merseyside.

*(Many thanks for your comments and many other suggestions for action photos which we unfortunately do not have space to print. — Ed.)*

☆☆☆

## ONCE A WALLY...

**Y**ET again, H & E brings out, in Vol. 85 No. 12, the hoary old thesis about 'when your clothes are off, so is social status'. No so! It must be obvious, if you yourself do any observations at nudist centres that especially the middle aged and elderly Brits still brutally exhibit their particular backgrounds.

This is partially instinctive and involuntary, but every time you see an over-40s couple together you very soon get an overall idea of the types they are when clothed.

Another interesting nudist type is the young 'wally'-type male. He's always a wally, whether clothed (pub/disco) or nude, especially if he's with his mates!

I see you still have your superb colour printing and photos, interesting odds-and-ends, some quite peculiar small ads, and now Family Fotos — presumably the official taboo against nude children's photos having abated?

F.M.  
Middlesex.

☆☆☆

## LOST SUN SEEKERS

**M**Y wife and I recently bought a copy of Phil Vallack's Free Sun. This outlined details of an unofficial naturist beach near to where we were so we thought we'd visit it.

Armed with Ordnance Survey map and route details from 'Free Sun' we set off to join our new found community.

When we finally reached the part of the beach in question we weren't at all certain what to do as, with the help of my pocket telescope I scanned the beach ahead, and only spotted a few clothed bathers. We had not passed any fellow naturists, yet according to our guidelines this was the spot.

As we had a good quarter mile between us and the next bathers, who were also clothed, we decided to take advantage of the seclusion and bathed naked, only having to cover up at the approach of the odd walker.

So how could we have been certain that we were in the right

spot? Could the occasional walkers we saw also have been 'lost sun-seekers'. Were the people bathing nearby other naturists not wishing to risk undressing? How can we recognise each other? Perhaps a white carnation in our belly buttons? Or more seriously, why can't there be an adopted colour of towel, or a special beach bag with a motif easily spotted by other naturists?

What do others think?

Mr. & Mrs. G. Booth  
W. Midlands.

☆☆☆

## NEW TERRITORIES

**A**NY one who does not spend their entire holiday in Montalivet or Koversada but tours around must have noticed changes on ordinary beaches in Europe.

On the Med at Sete, St. Tropez etc., more and more people are going nude on beaches previously only topless. Whilst topless ladies now wander about in 'textile' campsites, make trips to the beach bars and can even be seen thus in the streets leading to the beaches on occasion. Also in marinas. Especially in marinas! This was previously confined to Scandinavia, Holland and Baltic Germany in our experience.

Indeed in Germany, now the girls can be seen topless in summer on river or lakeside beaches even if it is in a public park. And in some municipal swimming pools.

Ladies work in the gardens that way and people sunbathe nude on balconies and patios. I doubt if persons with ladders and telescopes serve prosecutions there.

Are we naturists in Britain losing out to even the non-official naturist abroad in terms of freedom?

Alexander Main  
Chelsea, London.

## NEXT MONTH

- ★ Where to go naked in Menorca
  - ★ What is a naked bearded man doing in a South African cave?
  - ★ North Devon Sun Club Report
  - ★ How to give yourself a perfectly shaped bottom
  - ★ Should every nudist have a computer?
  - ★ Diana Roseman pities all Macho Men
- All this and much more in H & E Vol. 86 No. 8.  
Out at the end of July!



## ACCOMMODATION

**Wanted — To Buy — Caravan at Cap d'Agde.** Offers? — Box No. 3187. (4)

**Stay B&B with nudist couple,** Northamptonshire. It's our home, friendly, homely, warm and nudist. Singles welcome. Business, pleasure. Phone: 0933-625413. (5)

## FRIENDSHIP

**Instant Friendship/Marriage Lists!!** Choose your ideal partner NOW, from these delightful Lists! SAE: The London Correspondence Club, Highlights, London W8 6EJ. (12 x 12)

**Lady wanted to cheer up gent.** Photo's exchanged before meeting? London or close. — Box No. 3198. (4)

**Are you seeking** occultists, witches, communes, naturists, etc., for friendship in all areas and throughout USA (Worldwide). SAE please: Baraka H, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L153HT (11 x 12)

**Single man,** aged 25, looking for fellow males to visit at weekends who may be new to naturism. 20 - 30. London area preferred. Photograph and letter please. — Box No. 3217. (7)

**Quiet male** seeks friends (M/F) in 30's to visit quiet, nudist beaches/countryside in south-west Britain weekends, during summer. — Box No. 3216. (7)

**Single Man,** 30, non-smoker, own house, seeks independent lady (20 - 35) for friendship, outings, etc. Write — John, 14 Davis Close, Lt. Paxton, Cambs. PE19 4HH. (4)

**Gentleman,** mature but youthful, cultured, enjoys simple pleasures, home near Welsh hill sunspots, welcomes nudist friends, summer, weekends, maybe holidays. If young and photogenic, modelling available too. — Box No. 3192. (4)

**Gentleman,** early fifties, happily married, would like to meet a lady in similar circumstances who also feels the occasional diversion. Would add interest to an otherwise unexciting lifestyle. Greater London area. — Box No. 3197. (4)

**Christian gentleman,** 40, single, quiet disposition, would like to contact sincere non-smoking lady for mutual companionship/pen-friendship, please write. Confidentiality assured. — Box No. 3194. (4)

**Mildly eccentric Englishman,** 32, Citroën Dyane owner, French-speaking; seeks slim sun-loving girl 18-30 to visit S. Coast beaches weekends or holiday Europe. Photo appreciated. — Box No. 3193. (4)

**Single, shy male,** 31, seeks female Christian or non-Christian living in Dyfed, Glamorgan, area. For friendship, nudist beach visits, and holidays. — Box No. 3202. (5)

**Very considerate single male,** 45, is craving for a girl with initiative and a grip like a limpet, to share all those wonderful things that only a man can do for a woman. Wants to hear from any youngish woman craving for affectionate attention and all those wonderful feelings that spring therefrom. Interests — broadminded correspondence, naturism, swimming, spontaneous activity and photography, etc. — Box No. 3205. (5)

**Male Nudist Friendship Group** (16-35+). Nudist outings, photography, modelling, social meetings (overnight stays). Send age, photo, interests, 4 x 17p stamps. — Box No. 3206. (5)

## FOR SALE

**'Hand Crocheted Bikinis,** white, or cream cotton £13.00. Beach thong, white or cream, state male or female £5.00. Mrs. Wills, Bridge Farm, Leigh, Sherborne, Dorset. (4)

## HOLIDAYS

**Apartment Costa Natura** to let sleeps 4/6. Excellent location within complex. Reasonable charges. Direct payment to UK owner. Telephone Camberley 20805. (4)

**Cornwall.** Enjoy a quiet holiday in small 15th century country house 2 miles from spectacular National Trust coastline and 8 miles from official nudist beach. BB & EM £15. Telephone 0503 20454.(7)

**Sail Corsica's Nudist Coast** in a selfsail Macwester Yacht or in a skippered 45ft Ketch. Write for details to — Box No. 3182. (4 x 6)

**Touring Devon!** Bed/breakfast or full board. Nudist paradise in secluded valley, swimming pool, sauna, riding, fishing, lux. accommodation, camping/caravaning. Tel: 03635 676. (4)

**Southern Brittany.** Six berth mobile home, mains services, toilet, shower, fridge, fully equipped on delightful site (not nudist). Minutes from many lovely sandy beaches, including several nudist. Good off peak rates. Telephone 0737 833317. (4)

**Naturist,** single male 50's, seeks holiday working party-time on farm/large garden preferably near sea. — Box No. 3199.(5)

**Mobile Homes** for hire and sale at 'Euronat' 4 Star Nudist Centre, South West France on Atlantic Coast. Tel. 0582-20561 evenings. (5)

**Fraithorpe:** Stay in the resort of Bridlington, comfortable Bed and Breakfast, two miles along the sands from the nudist beach. Phone: 0262 676373. (5)

**Tenerife:** new 2 bedroom apartments on best beach and short drive nudist beach. 2 weeks including Jumbo Jet day flight and car for duration, 4 people sharing from £265 per person. Tel: 01-247-1982. Viva Travel ATOL 370. (5)

**Go Greek — Naturally!** Sunseeker Factfile — the only Greek Islands' guide to include details of nudist beaches. Details from Sunseekers (H.E.), Freepost, Congleton, CW12 3BR. Telephone 0260 275706. (c7)

**Euronat (Gironde-France)** Private individual lets very comfortable mobile home for up to 6 persons. Please contact Madame G. Rubin, 8 Allee des Thuyas - 94470, Boissy St. Leger, France. Telephone: 569-02-43. (5)

**Young man,** requires young lady aged 18/25 to accompany him on holiday this summer as cook and housekeeper. Good pay and conditions. Apply Box No. 3204. West Yorks. area. (5)

**Surrey Sunspot,** 20 miles London, welcomes couples, families and a few singles. Two pools, solar heating, games, camping, chalets, caravans, self catering holidays. SAE — Box No. 3209. (6)

**Costa Natura.** Sea view apartment, sleeps four (4). Reasonable charges, apply (01) 998-3929 after 6 p.m. (6)

**St. Tropez, Toison D'or.** The most beautiful site on Pampelonne beach. 4 berth caravan near sea. Reasonable prices. Telephone: 01 262 7475. (6)

## LEISURE

**Swimming nudist style.** A brand new venue in Loughton, Essex. Details from H & E Office. (4)

**Adam & Eve mixed sauna.** Couples and singles welcome. 12-10 p.m. 6 days. The place to meet in the North for real people. Tel: 061-789-8500.(5)

## MASSAGE

**Young Indian male** gives a massage with a difference. Ring Ram — athletic, intelligent, discreet, qualified masseur, anytime: 01-370-3826. Kensington or Visiting. (7)

**Qualified male masseur** offers relaxing massage in comfort and privacy, discretion assured, South London/Surrey, call Peter evenings/weekends 01-645 0115. (7)

**Naturist Massage.** Professional Male masseur offers full body relaxing massage to ladies and gentlemen. UVA/Solarium. Redhill, Surrey. S.A.E. — Box 3219. (7)

**A genuine relaxing massage** in peaceful surroundings — using herbal oils. Fully qualified lady therapist, just on the outskirts of London. — Box No. 3172. (3)

# H & E CLASSIFIED

## PERSONAL

**Girl, 22 (Surrey)** has home sauna, seeks girls over 16 who would enjoy fun of sharing sauna/massage together. Can accommodate. Photo and letter. — Box No. 3179. (3)

**Qualified masseuse,** in beautiful surroundings in Kensington. — Box No. 3180. (3)

**Male masseur,** attractive, young man offers a relaxing massage in the privacy of your own home, day or night. Call David Jones before 5.30 p.m. 992 3028. (4)

**Qualified male masseur** offers relaxing body massage treatment, visiting service or cosy private salon. Solent area. Ring Chris on Southampton 693564. (4)

**Dublin:** lady, young, beautiful figure gives relaxing, friendly and unhurried massage in comfort and privacy. Dublin 2 area discretion assured, write: — Box No. 3188. (4)

**Bodytreats Limited —** Aromatic Bath Oils and Massage Oils from Pure Essential Plant Oils. 15 Rosevine Road, London SW20 8RB. Tel: 01-947 7879. (4)

**Qualified Remedial Masseuse.** By appointment only. Telephone Northampton 29248 between 9 a.m. & 6 p.m.(5)

**Gentleman,** 36, sincere, kind and alone wishes to hear from understanding mature lady masseuse. Guildford. Please reply to — Box No. 3213. (6)

## MISCELLANY

**Wigs** for all occasions from The Coronet Wig Boutique. Write or call, 34 Wardour Street, London W1. Tel: 01-437 5072. (c)

**Attractive young actress** wanted for 'trailer' films by would-be professional writer/producer. Good fees. Send current photo to — Box No. 3195. (4)

## MODELS

**Enjoy posing?** Photographer and model friend (18) seek others. (16-21) for nudist posing. Private. Photo appreciated. London/Middlesex/anywhere. — Box No. 3218. (7)

**Stunning uninhibited blonde girl** 37-25-37 will pose nude/glamour/adult. Also has sexy photosets or can provide posed to order photos/slides. (North Midlands area.) Please £1.00 + SAE for details and sample photos (Overseas welcomed). — Box No. 3181. (3)

**Very good fee** and all expenses to and from London offered to young man (about 18-25) interested in modelling for private photos (similar to those in this magazine). Friendly assistance given if you haven't done this before. Send photo (returnable) for details in confidence. — Box No. 3184. (4)

**Models** required for photographic and video work. Excellent rates. Recent photo to — Box No. 3186. (4)

**Teenagers** interested in swimming, canoeing, camping, boating, and similar activities, please send recent photo and personal details for information on exciting free photo-expeditions. — Box No. 3196. (4)

**Lonely evenings?** Why not pose for me? Amateur photographer (graduate, London) wants amateur models; no fees, just fun. Photo if possible (returnable). — Box No. 3201. (5)

**American medical researcher** seeks amateur female nudist photo model for September near London. All expenses paid, fee possible. Photo please (returned). — Box No. 3210. (6)

**London amateur Asian photographer** (33yrs) seeks beginner male models (16-23yrs) for strictly private collection. Discretion guaranteed. Fees paid. For details contact, preferably with photo — Box No. 3211. (6)

**Mature nudist** seeks company of like minded lady for Natural Living occasions within club or private surroundings. Willing to share social evenings or other entertaining idea. — Box No. 3159. (1)

**Kensington,** middle aged bachelor (English, professional man) offers large room for 3-6 months in mansion flat to nudist lady, reasonable rent. — Box No. 3177. (3)

**Good looking,** tall, slim, male, 29, single, seeks depilated female nudist for club, beach visits, etc. Photo appreciated. (London) — Box No. 3189. (4)

**New Adult Contact Club,** exclusively for Swingers. Singles and couples welcomed. All tastes catered for. Free membership to single ladies. Send 2 stamps for full details to: The Brooklyn Bureau, 801 Harrow Road, London NW10 5PA. (3)

**Penpal Mag** for lonely people. Approval copy from:- Matchmaker, (X.47), Chorley, Lancs. (7)

**Naturist wife** 35 would like to hear from others who find that depilation enhances the female form and is more in keeping with traditional nudist values. — Box No. 3215. (7)

**Over 70 interesting,** original cassettes on success, moneymaking, health, therapy, love. S.A.E. brochure: N.E.T. (HE), 15 Royal Crescent, Cheltenham. Glos. (4)

**Single male** seeks people, approximate age 25-35, for correspondence, friendship to visit, holiday company. Photo if possible. — Box No. 3190. (4)

**Couple,** 30's, new to naturism, seek contracts/friends in S.E. area to share weekends and continental travel. Responses only from couples, single ladies (24-40), who like us are professional, well-balanced and solvent. Would also be grateful for information/personal experience of Ile de Levant, Med. Write — Box No. 3191. (4)

**Ever pleasant male** (divorced) 57. Coastal house ninety minutes London. Invites wholefood orientated nudist female, share weekends. Ideally lasting loving relationship. — Box No. 3214.(6)

**Arabian businessman** has substantial funds for purchase of Club or other Nudist-orientated business. Contact his UK representative, Mac, on 0633 59064. Confidence assured. (6)

**Andrew,** 26, tall, blonde, broad, allegedly handsome, seeks older female for fun and friendship. Photograph and telephone number appreciated. — Box No. 3200. (5)

**Youth** wanted to help with small country domestic building project, in return for accommodation and free tour European beaches. Summer 85. — Box No. 3207. (6)

**South Somerset.** Retired gentleman with secluded private garden, welcomes singles/overweights/over 40's unhappy with families/couples only attitude. — Box No. 3212. (6)

**Adult and Glamour** colour photo sets. Wide selection. All tastes. Samples/lists £2. Parasol Promotions, 57A Queens Road, Clifton, Bristol. Models wanted! (6)

**Beautiful Filipina girls,** all ages, want to contact lonely gentlemen for romance, lasting friendship and marriage. Our highly successful, inexpensive direct introductions can frequently lead to pleasant, rewarding relationships. Prompt service, free details. Stamp please. Orient Express, P.O. Box 22, Blackpool, FY1 1NP. (6 x 6)

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**Young lady has privately made V.H.S. & Beta Video tapes for sale.** Will also make to order. S.A.E. to — Box No. 3185. (4)

**8" x 10" colour enlargements** £1.95 each. 5 or more £1.15 each. 12" x 16" £4.95 each. 135 negs. or any good print. See first pay later. Send to Mike Riley, 98 Burghley Road, London NW5 1UN. (4)

**Teenage males.** The Yorke Collection of Limited Edition portfolios of stunning teenage males. For sample portfolio and full details send £5 to: S.A.P., P.O. Box 100, Eastbourne, Sussex. (3)

**Photography:** husband and wife available for photographic sessions also massage facilities. Lounge around naturally, photos available on request for £8 for twenty. 1 hour from London. Teynham 521395. (5)

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**Film Processing:** Professional Photographic Company offer you top quality developing & printing for all colour films. Glossy or Lustre finish, fast personal service. All films up to 24exp. £3.99; 36 exp. £4.99. Brent Photographics, 23 Abingdon Street, Burnham on Sea, Somerset. (5)

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In Health & Efficiency costs 45p per word — minimum charge £9.45 per insertion, with a minimum 3 insertions. Box Numbers counts as two words and cost an extra £4.50 to cover administration and postage. Overseas Box Numbers cost £6 and are sent airmail. All classified advertisements must be pre-paid and sent to:

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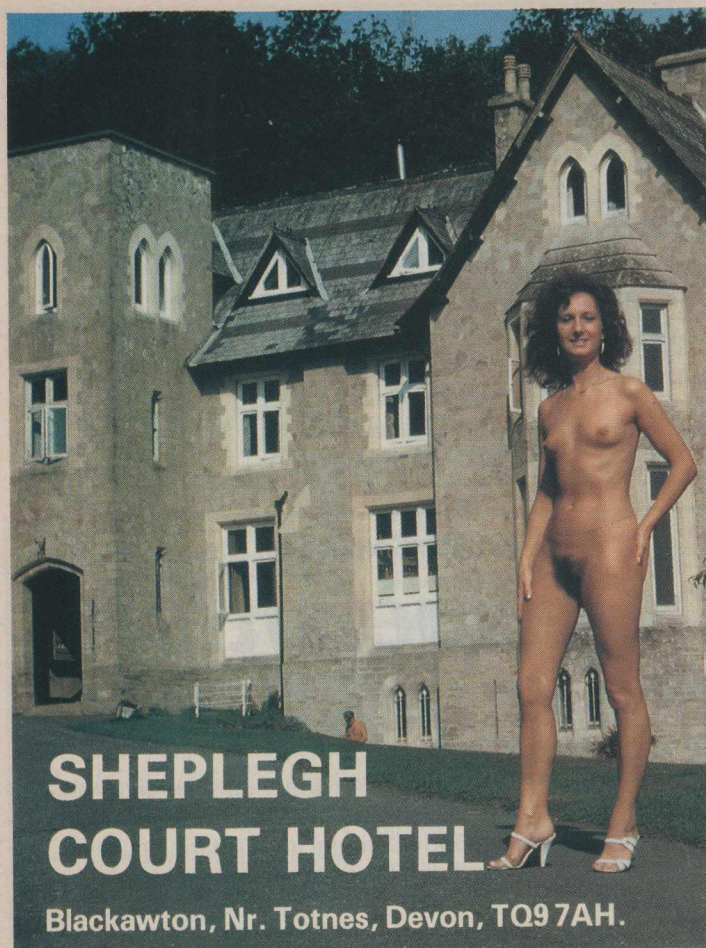
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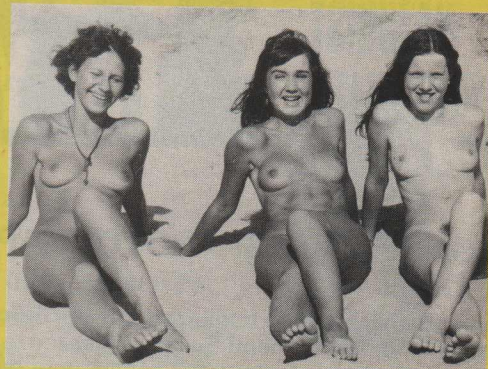
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## FOR A THOROUGHLY RELAXING TIME



In conjunction with Yugotours Ltd., we are arranging two holidays in Yugoslavia this year. They are an ideal opportunity for readers to get together and enjoy naturist sunshine with like-minded people. In June we're visiting Monsena, a popular naturist seaside resort close to Rovinj. In September, it's Marina Lucica Naturist Centre, close to Primosten. Come with us and enjoy sun, sea, delightful scenery, and exciting evenings with a mixed group of H & E readers and naturists.

The dates and basic prices (including airport tax and half board) are as follows:

### Monsena

22 June - 29 June	£191
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Flights from most major British airports	

### WHAT TO DO

Fill in this coupon requesting a booking form and further details. Send this to H & E Readers Holiday, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.

Name .....

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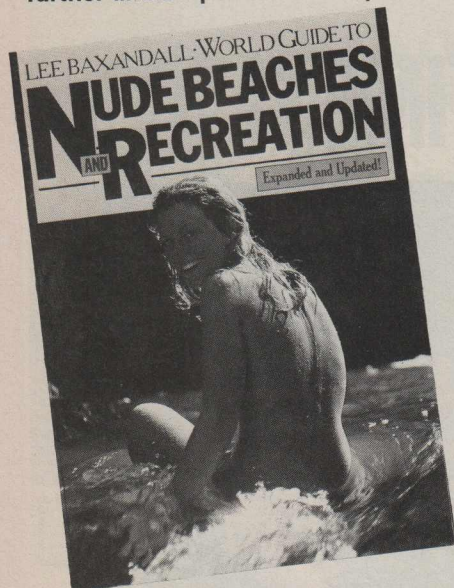


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### WORLD GUIDE TO NUDE BEACHES & RECREATION £10.00 plus £1.80 p.&p.

This remains one of the most requested books on offer!

The photography is stunning — both colour and black-and-white pictures of the highest quality depicting fun-loving naturists throughout the world. Artistic shots of nudes in scenic sunsets, deep-sea diving, even parachuting — and so much more.

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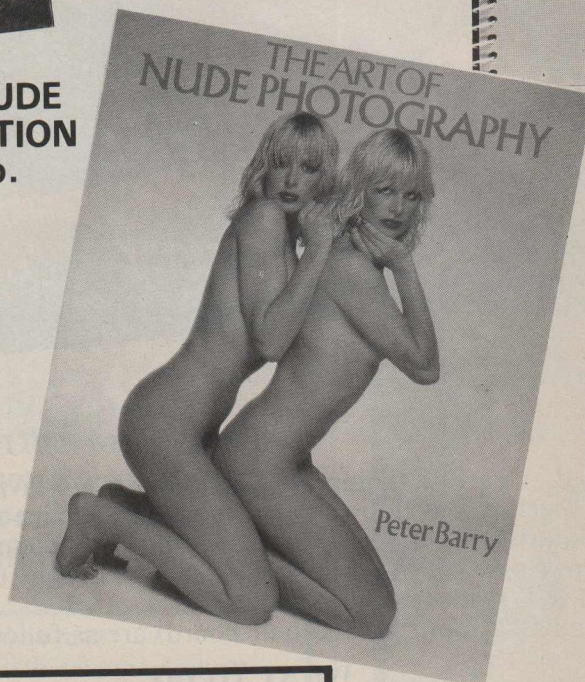
We particularly recommend this glossy book as the ultimate guide to USA beach nudism. 220 pages full of wondrous sights and vital information. It's a must for every naturist's collection!

### FLATTEN YOUR STOMACH

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### THE ART OF NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY £4.95 plus 95p p.&p.

If it's a touch of class you'd like, this is certainly the book for you! Page after colourful page of nude photography, artistic, erotic — all styles, from the soft focus virginal look, to the sharp sexuality of the knowing woman.

As a visual feast alone, this book is to be recommended, but if you have an interest in photography it's a must! Full of practical advice, hints and down-to-earth instructions. 'The Art of Nude Photography' will help you achieve to class results.

This valuable large-format book covers the use of lighting, props, studios, how to find beautiful models, and what to do when you've found them! The chapter entitled 'OK. She's undressed. Now what do I do?' is particularly worth reading.

A book to use, to keep, and to show your friends.

The Art of Nude Photography.....copies at £5.90 each inc. p.&p.

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